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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXVII No. 2188 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — DECEMBER 27 1941

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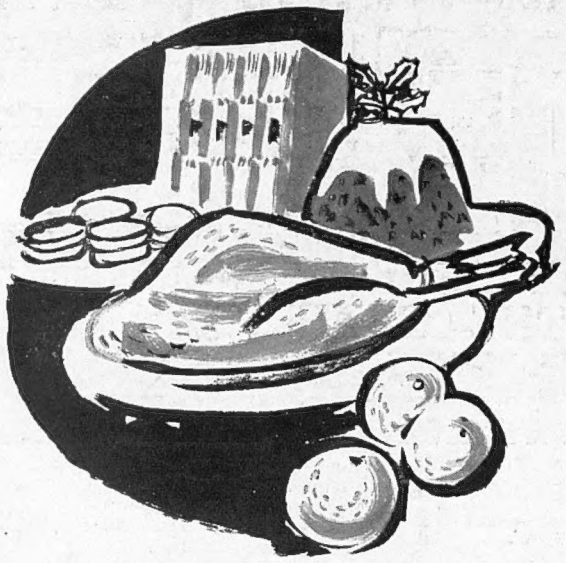

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To driving a tractor

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a stuffy office and crowded 'buses . . . *She'*
one of the people who may no longer nee

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NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Volume CLXVII No. 2188

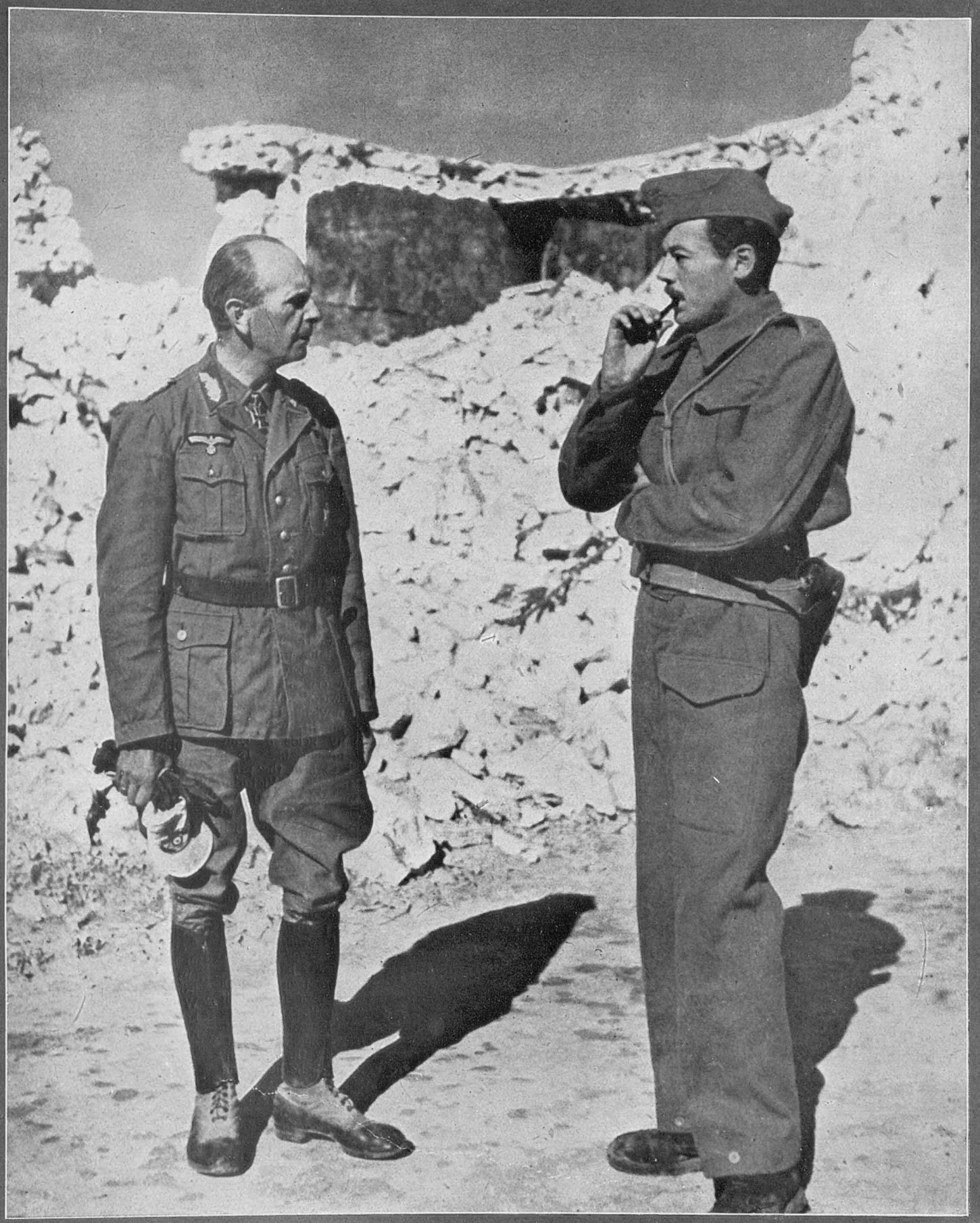
The SPHERE, London, December 27, 1941

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 27, 1941



THE GERMAN COMMANDER OF THE 21ST PANZER DIVISION IN LIBYA AFTER HIS CAPTURE IN THE FIGHTING EAST OF TOBRUK: GENERAL VON RAVENSTEIN, THE FIRST GERMAN GENERAL TO BE TAKEN PRISONER BY BRITISH FORCES IN THE PRESENT WAR

Major-General von Ravenstein was the Commander of one of Rommel's crack Panzer Divisions in Libya—the 21st. He was captured during the fighting east of Tobruk by New Zealanders and was immediately taken into the Fortress, where this picture was taken during the General's conversation with a British Staff officer. (It will be noted, incidentally, that von Ravenstein is wearing the highest Order of the Iron Cross.) The German General is the first to be taken prisoner by British forces in this war. During the enemy's campaign in France, he was in charge of the motorised infantry which crossed the River Meuse: afterwards he became a major-general in command of the 5th Light Armoured (Colonial) Division, which was later converted into the 21st Armoured Division and sent to Libya. After his capture, in conversation with British staff officers, the General expressed his disgust at the Desert and at the conditions under which he and his men were called on to operate

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 121

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Christmas Lesson: 1941.—"Nevertheless the dimness shall not be such as it was in her vexation when at the first he lightly afflicted the land of Zebulon . . . and afterwards did more grievously afflict her by way of the sea beyond Jordan, in Galilee of the nations. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light, they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. . . . For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden. . . . The rod of his oppressor. . . . For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. But this shall be with burning and fuel of fire. For unto us a child is born . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his Government and Peace there shall be no end, upon his Kingdom to order it . . . with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever." The glory of these words of Isaiah, read in the first lesson on Christmas Day, impressed itself upon my infant mind on the first Christmas Day when I was taken to Church. On fifty Christmas Days since then I have heard them read, well or badly, and the glory has grown and the inspiration they gave has increased from a matter of minutes to at least a matter of days. Like glittering diamonds, shedding fire and light, they roll off the tongue, warm the heart and dazzle the mind's eye. They are always apt at Christmas; in war or peace; in the customary darkness of Christmas Day or on a Christmas Day snatched from April. I know no more than I did as a child what may be their precise meaning. The modern commentators have not much corrected the authorised translation. Broadly, we know they raise a lantern in the darkness of human life, our everlasting struggle with loss, pain, disillusion, evil, cruelty, injustice, in that valley of the shadow which is man's life. In every century, in every circumstance, they hit every man who hears them as applicable to him and to his condition, and that, whether he be living in peace and so-called security or in the third year of a world war of insensate destruction, in constant expectation of death and suffering. On Christmas Day 1941 the appeal of this first of all purple passages is universal and tremendous. At its best, human life without hope is death; without blind faith in a coming dawn of peace and justice, it is but the valley of the shadow. At its best, cruelty, pain, loss, injustice, transcend Life's light and comfort. To the end men will walk in darkness, and the shadow of death will lie over them from infancy to old age. But it *is* possible for them to light their way and warm their hands at the fires of hope and faith. It is only when those fires die down that human life grows intolerable. Those fires are flickering upward again. Oppressed peoples all over the world have seen the first faint flush in the eastern sky, through the dense cloud-banks and at the darkest hour. And that faint hope is more substantially based than on a minor success here, a set-back for the enemy there. It rests on no statistics of shipping sunk, of economic blockading, of aeroplanes or tanks built or destroyed. It is deeper based on evidences of a more enduring kind

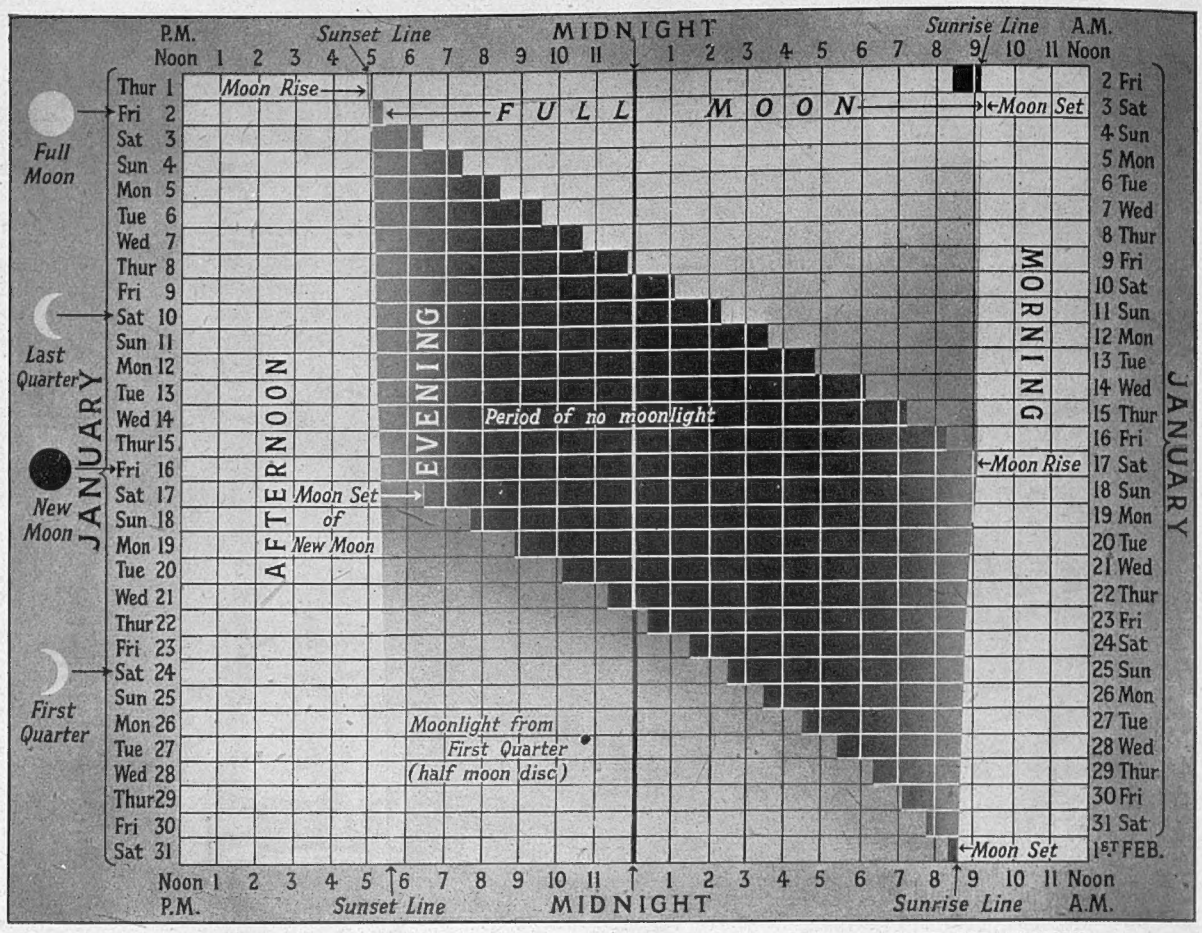
Home Guard and Compulsion.—It is not surprising that the newspapers carried "problem" articles concerning the Premier's recent references to "compulsion" and the Home Guard. I deprecate any present attempt to "interpret," because I believe that the extent of "compulsion," at least as regards existing members, will be confined to a fresh encouragement to attend training, coupled with a sanction in the form of a more real threat that those who allow themselves by slackness to be turned out of the H.G. will find themselves earmarked—and efficiently earmarked—for some other, and perhaps heavier, war service. I do not think the implication of compulsion covers a new beginning, a new contract of service for enrolled volunteers, or a "duration" contract for new volunteers. The Home Guard, so long as it remains unpaid, cannot be run on lines of military compulsion or by sanctions other than moral. Which, in the main, have sufficed so far. The "compulsion" we need is twofold: (1) To enforce from all volunteers a reasonable attendance for training, by means of the sanction that slackers will not, by resignation or dismissal, escape scot-free even for a week. (2) To ensure that young men in sheltered trades in rural areas—e.g., woodmen—can no longer continue to avoid any sort of defence duties. As for "medicals," "duration"-contracts, and so on, the Force (unpaid) is far too fluid and loosely knit for such "permanent" luxuries. The "old crocks" are quite a valuable asset, and must remain so. If the existing force were subjected to a "medical" which had 50 per cent. of the stringency of the regular Army "medical," it would be seriously reduced. But even an old crock can be stimulated to dangerous activity and even endurance in a sharp crisis affecting his home and family and country, and I always strive to impress that his functions should be strictly defined by his physical powers. If a mad bull charged me, I believe I could still run and jump!

Mr. Priestley is Partial.—Mr. J. B. Priestley has received from me since the war began so many good marks and pats on the back that he will not charge me with prejudice if I say that his notebook is growing scrappier. His "voices" broadcast was as admirable as any. His "common cold" was a failure by comparison, and such failures, once in a way, are inevitable in the best regulated schemes, and call for no criticism. But his expedition into 1841 was a more serious lapse, and it jolted my respect for Mr. Priestley's balance, judgment and historical sense. It was one of the most prejudiced pieces of Socialist propaganda ever placed before a long-suffering public; with all the crudeness, assurance and half-knowledge one might expect from a novice. From an accepted literary pundit, with great experience in many fields of composition, it was inexcusable. It is reasonable enough to lash the privileged classes of the Early Victorian (or, indeed, of the Edwardian) Age for their entrenched selfishness and lack of social conscience; for their luxury and their waste of the opportunities which their position offered them under political security; for their slowness to appreciate their responsibility towards the working classes, and for a score of other lapses. But to condemn to perdition an era on the charges that it had a sense of humour different from our own, or that it possessed fewer bath-rooms, or that the common people drank gin and rolled home through badly-lit streets, is to put the fool's-cap on every virtue which must be used to obtain historical truth and balance. Mr. Priestley has shown already that he condemns the age in which he lives, and that condemnation, so far as I can interpret him, is based largely on our misuse of the wonders of science which our age has achieved. Clearly, he hates and despises the past and the present and banks his hopes on a new post-war order. But he must forgive me if I assure him that the Stone Age and the Dark Ages and the Elizabethan and Victorian Ages will all be essential rungs on the ladder that leads to his Golden Age, and that without those rungs there can be no approach to the stars. The Elizabethans, it is true, did not enjoy the blessings of broadcasting, the Victorians did not enjoy the blessings of modern plumbing or night bombing, but both those ages produced ideas, made advances, and achieved a measure of happiness and contentment in the sorry business of human existence, and laid some of the foundations and corner-stones which support our tabernacle to-day. There were men and women not deficient in good sense, decency, character and genius even in those benighted days. Mr. Priestley's expedition into 1841 is trivial even by the standards of a private school debating society.

A Burden Shed.—Christian never shed a heavier burden than one which (at least) this war has lifted from our backs. I refer to "keeping up appearances." That, I think, is the usual description of that common pre-war vice (equally composed of snobbery and a natural desire to maintain—and prove—a moderate standard of success in life) which was most in use in the middle sections of our social order. We are all now "tweenies" and "odd-men." If there were still butlers to answer telephones, we should hear without surprise or shock, howsoever deferential the answering voice, the reply: "I regret that her Grace is now milking"; or, "I fear her Ladyship is engaged with the scullery floor." Not the most meticulous observer of social conventions need now fear to "answer her own door," to be "caught in an apron." Surviving dandies, if any there be, derive an inverted pride from the shabbiness of their coats. We have done with one article of life's handicap, cast aside one aspect of national hypocrisy, dropped one burden at the foot of the cross of common and infinite sacrifice and tragedy.

Food by Post.—I wonder if the time has not come to regulate drastically the sending of foodstuffs by post. Pilfering in transit is on the increase. Apparently, the temptation has led to a new technique. I have had a half-dozen recent instances of food parcels, opened in transit, pilfered of a part of their contents and neatly fastened down again. There is, of course, no process of complaint worth following up with a view to redress. All postal packets receive rougher treatment as the war goes on—inevitably—and food is no longer a suitable subject for that form of delivery. Among our Christmas parcels was one from Egypt. It had been pilfered, of course. It originally contained 2 lb. of golden syrup, 2 lb. of marmalade and some chocolate powder. All these commodities had been manufactured in Britain, sent out by sea to Egypt and returned by sea to England! In the third year of war.

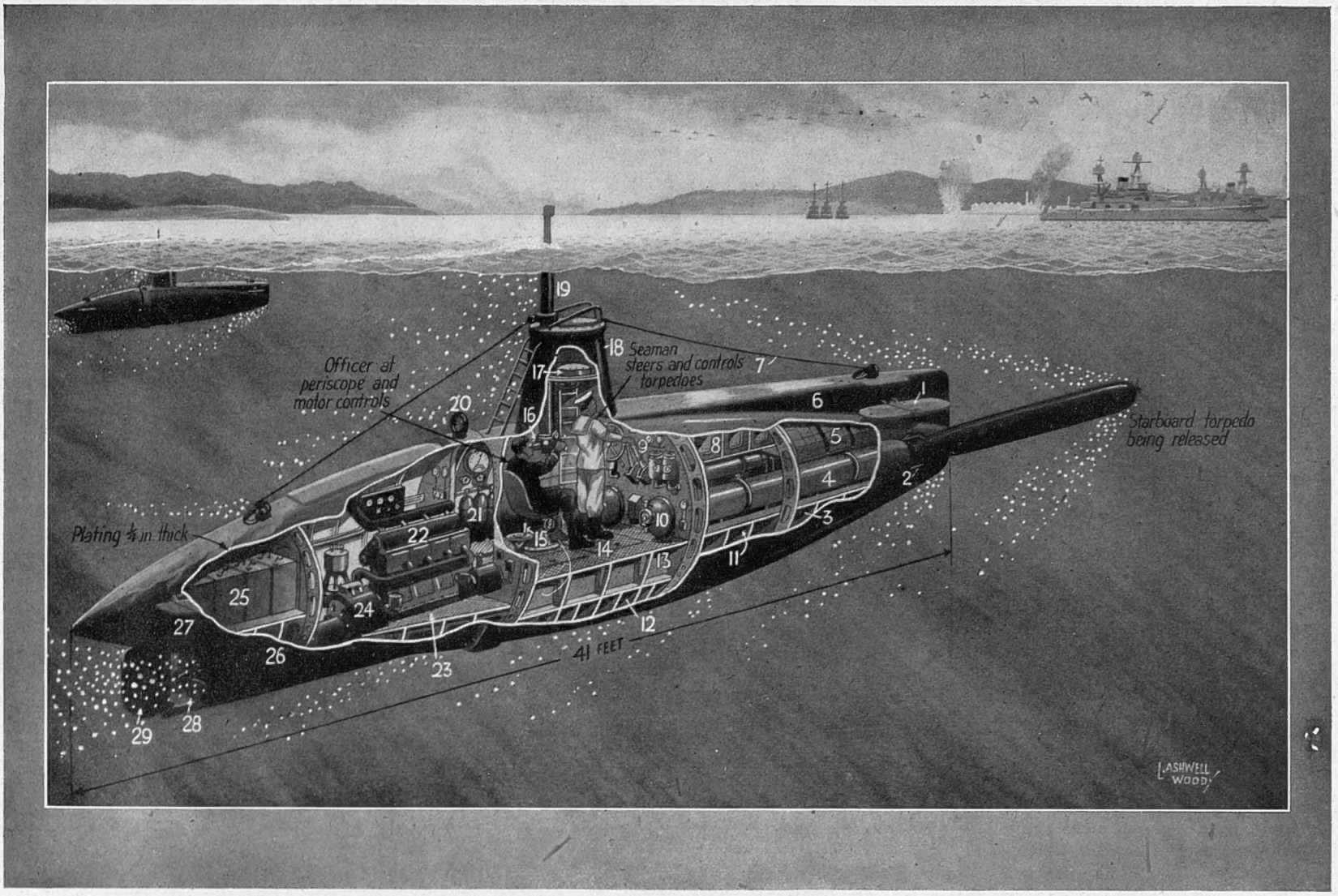
THE OLD STAGER



SHORTER NIGHTS AND AN EARLY FULL MOON: "THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR JANUARY

The shaded area denoting the hours of darkness becomes narrower as the month progresses, thus denoting a longer period of daylight and a correspondingly shorter period of darkness. On the last day of the month the sun sets nearly an hour later and rises practically an hour earlier than on the first day. The moon is at its zenith on the second day of the month, rising at about 5.20 p.m. and setting 15 minutes after sunrise, after which it rises nearly an hour later each evening and gradually wanes. The last quarter is visible on Sunday, the 11th, just after 2 a.m. The new moon is on Friday, the 16th, and the first quarter on Saturday, the 24th

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application



THE MIDGET SUBMARINE CAPTURED BY THE AMERICANS AT PEARL HARBOUR: With this two-man, midget submarine the Japanese attacked the U.S. Fleet in harbour—a key to this special "Sphere" drawing is given below—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The TWO-MAN SUBMARINE of the JAPANESE NAVY

It had been known for some years that the Japanese have been experimenting with midget submarines. According to reports they are now in mass production and cost little more than a good-class motor-car! This theory is now confirmed by the capture of one of the "pocket submarines" by the U.S. Navy at Pearl Harbour.

The vessel is 41 ft. long and is divided into five compartments, as shown in the detailed drawing above. It carries two 18-in. torpedoes and is manned by a crew of two only—an officer and one rating. The plating of the vessel is a quarter of an inch in thickness, and the small conning-tower is 4 ft. 6 in. high. Batteries for the electric drive when submerged are carried in two of the compartments.

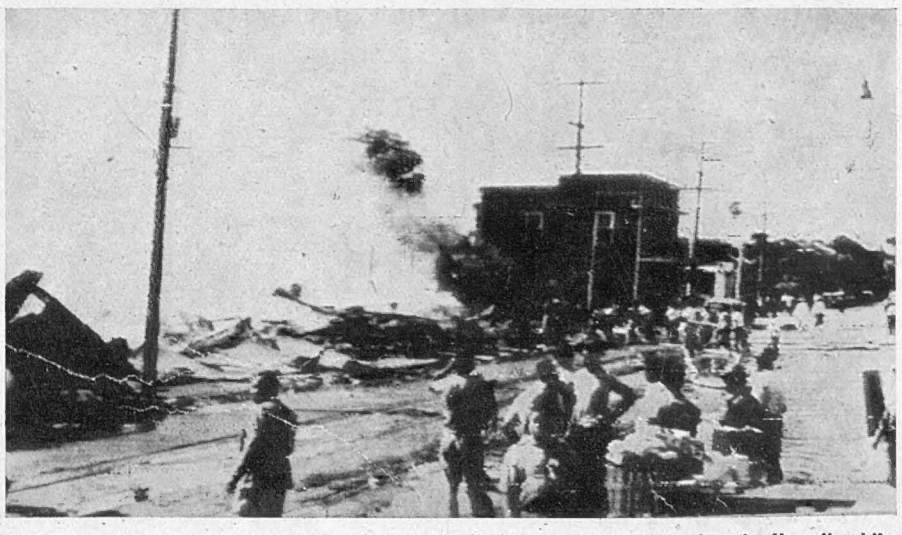
The speed of the vessel was 24 knots, and the "midget" could be carried on the deck of a larger vessel and launched over the side at the appropriate moment. As it has a cruising range of 200 miles, it could be launched from a point 100 miles away, or from 200 miles if a real "suicide attempt" was to be made!

In addition to the two 18-in. torpedoes, a 300-lb. charge of high explosive was carried under the stern, wired to a battery so that it could be used either as a demolition charge for the submarine itself or against ships—whereupon the whole lot would be blown sky-high. Hari-kari with a vengeance!

Here follows a complete key to the above drawing by Mr. Ashwell Wood:

1—Forward starboard hydroplane.
2—Torpedo door bow cap.
3—Forward trim tank.
4—Starboard torpedo-tube.
5—300-lb. charge of high explosive.
6—Superstructure.
7—Jumping wire.
8—Fuel tanks.
9—Torpedo release gear.
10—Torpedo loading doors.
11—Ballast tanks.
12—Compensating tanks.
13—Batteries.
14—Control compartment.
15—Remote motor control.
16—Periscope eye-piece.
17—Lower hatch.
18—Conning-tower.
19—Periscope.
20—Ring bolt for hoisting on mother ship.
21—Compressed-air bottle.
22—100-h.p. Diesel engine for driving on surface.
23—Motor compartment.
24—Combination electric motor, and generator for charging the batteries in an emergency.
25—Battery tank.
26—Aft trimming tanks.
27—Aft starboard hydroplanes.
28—Single screw.
29—Balanced rudder.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ACTUAL SUBMARINE CAPTURED BY THE U.S. NAVY: This picture was flown to New York from Hawaii and was then radioed to London. It is the first actual picture ever to be published of one of these two-man submarines of the Japanese. The submarine is seen here as it was cast up on the beach at Pearl Harbour after the attack on the U.S. Navy. Full details of this craft are given in the special drawing by Mr. Ashwell Wood above and in the accompanying notes



THE BOMBING OF HONOLULU: Another radioed picture which was taken in Hawaii whilst the surprise Japanese air attacks were actually taking place

NEW PICTURES FROM THE SANDY LIBYAN BATTLEFIELD

HOW THE TANKS HAVE BEEN OPERATED DURING THE BATTLES IN THE DESERT: A British armoured vehicle being conveyed on a special lorry to the repair workshops at Tobruk for an overhaul after a period of intensive fighting

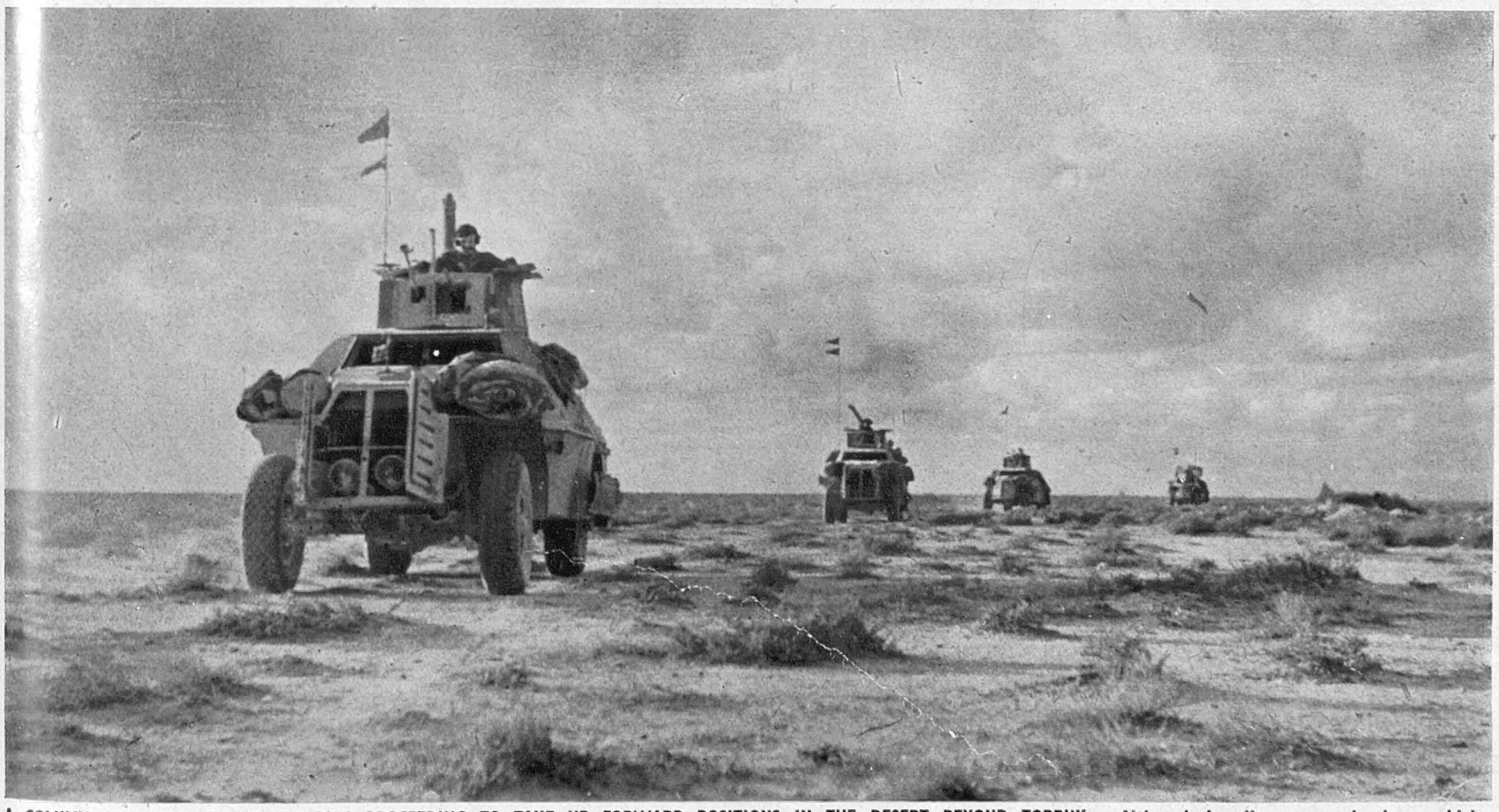
In tank warfare, the maintenance of the great cruisers is of paramount importance. There are so many things which can go wrong and immobilise the fighting vehicles, and workshops in the Desert are so scarce! Consequently, for each tank (or nearly so) there is a special lorry, equipped to haul it aboard and then transport it to a workshop for overhaul. One such is seen above: note the huge size of its platform and the heavy tyres of special construction; note also the two steel runways up which the tank is hauled. The British method has been to take the tanks to central workshops: the Germans, in many cases, have repaired their tanks on the spot, within sight and sound of the actual battle

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE ITALIANS REALISE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN BEATEN—a band of Italians, with hands aloft and white handkerchiefs prominent, being brought into Tobruk by a British soldier who prefers to walk backwards to guard against unpleasant surprise!

Remembering what has happened before when British soldiers have turned their backs on prisoners, this man prefers to escort his captives in the above manner! It would almost appear as if every Italian in Libya has equipped himself with a pocket handkerchief, white in colour! Similar scenes to the above were witnessed during the advance of General Wavell's columns to Benghazi earlier this year, it will be remembered; then, it was not at all uncommon for hundreds of the enemy to surrender to a handful of Australian soldiers. During the present campaign, Rommel's men have proved of much tougher fibre; but where they have been unaccompanied by their Axis partners, the Italians have again run true to their previous form

LI NG AND FIGHTING IN SHALLOW HOLES DUG INTO THE GROUND : Soldiers of a Highland regiment occupying firing positions which they have captured from the enemy during a sortie from the unconquered Fortress of Tobruk

Al round is the scrub-covered desert, stretching for miles into the distance, without a hill or a tr to relieve the monotony of the view. Each soldier, it will be observed, in addition to his ri or machine-gun, carries a spade ; with the latter the circular position in the background has been strengthened by the subsidiary trench-work in the foreground. As an indication of the confused nature of the desert fighting and as a commentary on the lack of a stable "line," it will be noticed that the Highlanders are facing two ways at once .



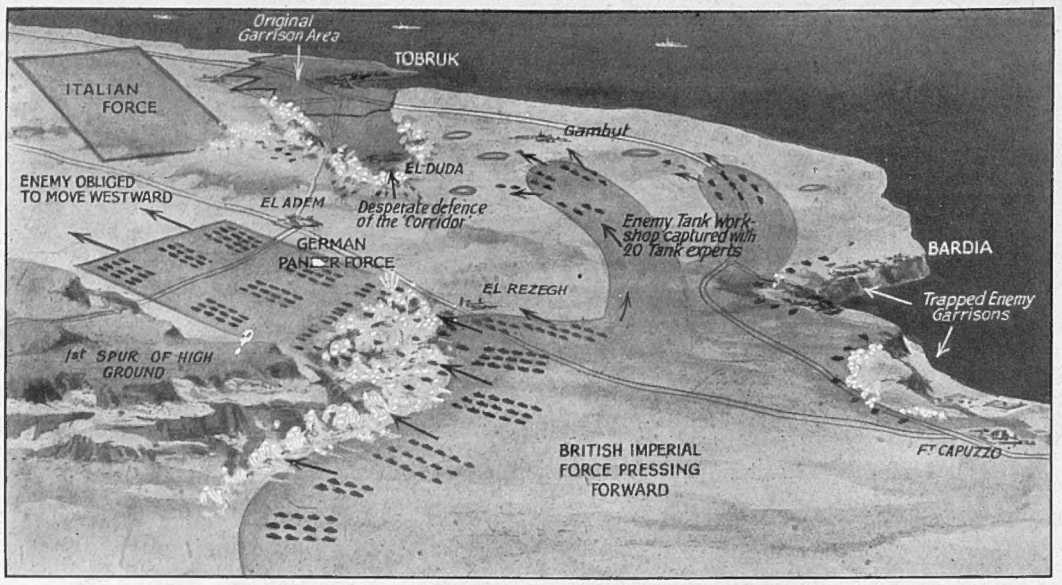
A COLUMN OF BRITISH ARMOURED CARS PROCEEDING TO TAKE UP FORWARD POSITIONS IN THE DESERT BEYOND TOBRUK : Although heavily armoured, these vehicles are not tanks but fast-moving, strongly-armed cars, which can cover great distances at a good speed

The battles in Libya have been largely clashes between medium-sized tanks of tremendous hitting power. But, in addition to the tanks, other motorised vehicles have played a large part in the operations—lorries, troop-carriers, tank conveyors and, above all, armoured cars. In the war of 1914-1918 armoured cars had already played a role, some of them under the command of the Duke of Westminster, it may be recalled. To-day, our mobile columns have been ranging far and wide, penetrating by little-known desert tracks to all parts of the great, flat, sandy wastes

BATTLE in the DESERT

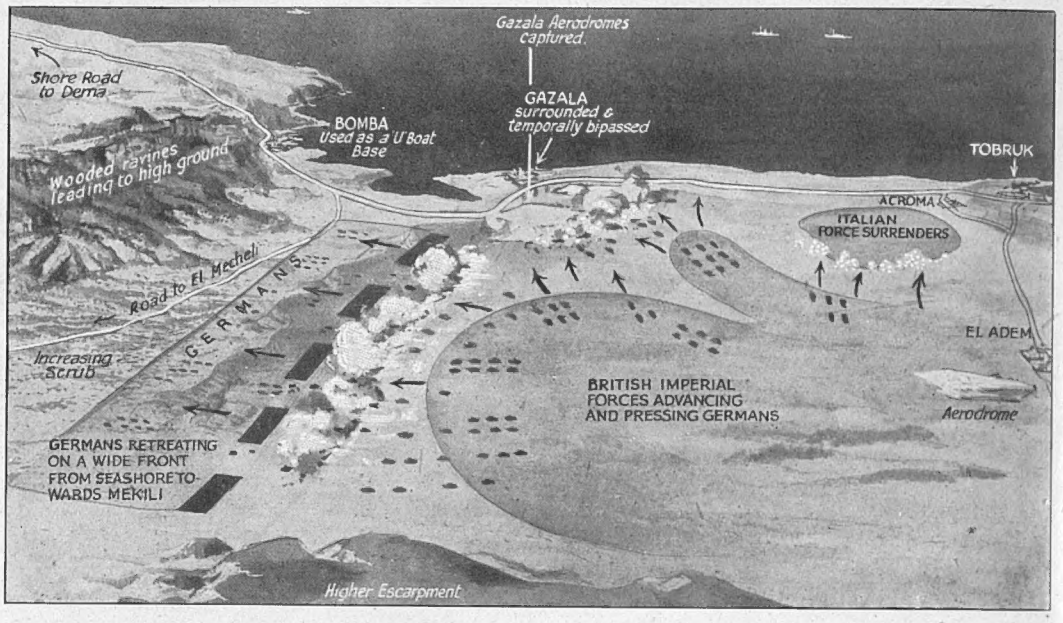
—THE FOURTH WEEK

On left—At the end of the week, on Saturday, December 13, the renewed activity over the battlefield of Tobruk brought out the welcome fact that the German Panzer force had been seriously reduced in fighting strength during the previous stage of the battle. The British Imperial Forces extended their operations from the south-west around El Gobi, recovered El Rezegh, and sent out scouting parties into all the northern area. These later discovered and captured enemy tank workshops with twenty tank experts; and small pockets of German prisoners were also captured during the clearing of the area. A trapped enemy garrison at Sollum and the small force at Bardia were surrounded, and the main British body pressed westward against the main German force. At the same time, the Corridor extending south-eastwards from Tobruk to El Duda was defended with desperate courage, and it looked as if the German Panzer force might well be surrounded. A movement towards the west was the only course left to General von Rommel. This he had perforce to carry out to the north of the first spur of high ground which stretches out from the Cyrenaican Plateau, taking with him the Italian force which had been holding the western position outside the Tobruk fortifications. The movement gradually became a definite retreat



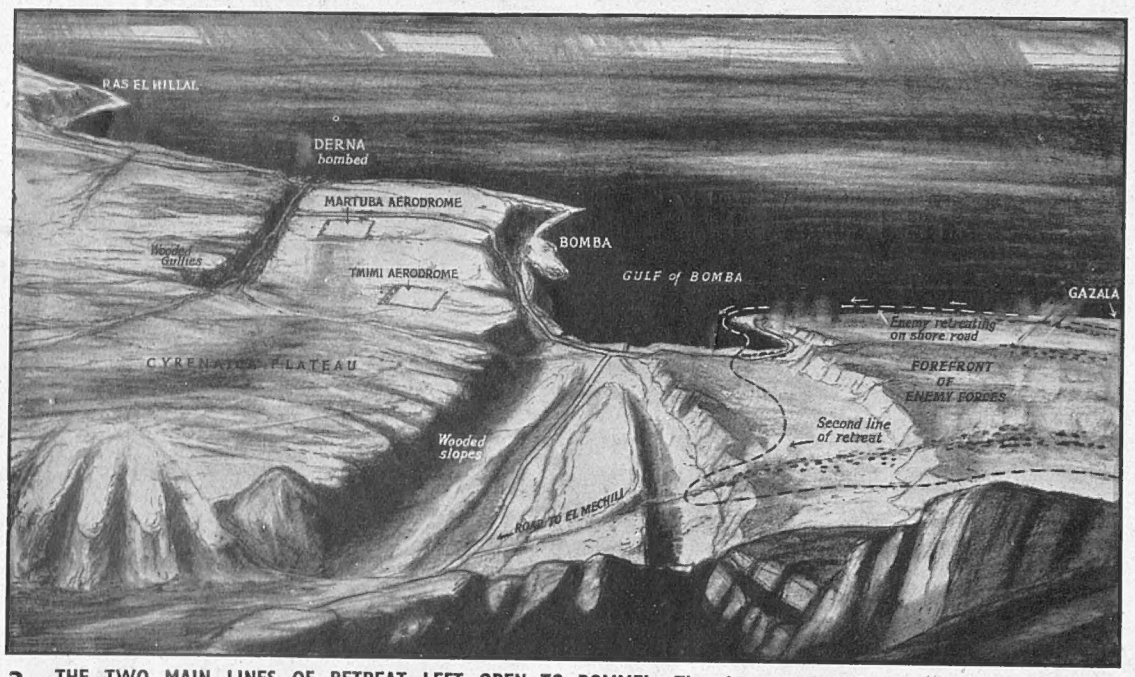
1. SIDI REZEGH IS AGAIN CAPTURED, and the British forces begin to exert westward pressure against the main German concentrations—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

On right—Pressing hard on the trail of the retreating German Panzer force, New Zealanders debouched to the right flank and succeeded in covering the aerodrome at Gazala, which lies well to the westward of Tobruk. Gazala town itself was surrounded and temporarily by-passed. The aerodrome had been one of the important outlying airfields operated by the enemy. At the week-end, by December 14, the enemy's main force was well to the west of Gazala and moving into the higher country, which is cut in various directions by deep gullies. The country now being entered is characterised by an increase of scrub and, further on, by wooded gullies. In their retreat the Germans were fanning out into a wide front stretching from the shore down towards the Mekili Road. At times the enemy would pause and attempt to throw off their pursuers, but the British Imperial Forces, with their faster-moving tanks, were able to keep in close touch and to punish Rommel's men during this period of the retreat

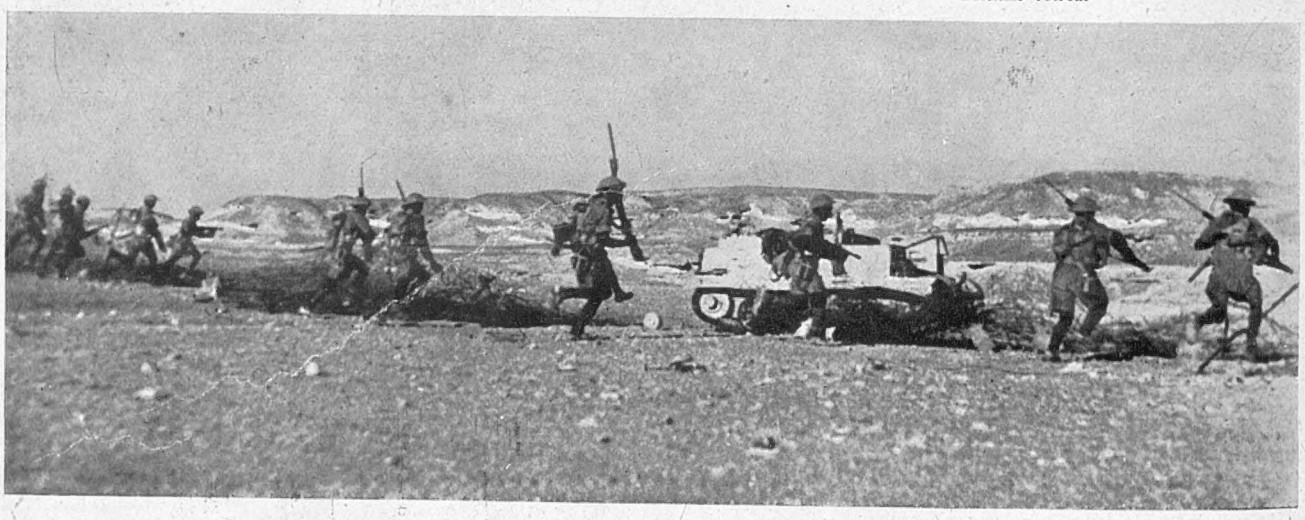


2. THE ADVANCE TOWARDS GAZALA AND BEYOND, with the Germans extended from the seashore towards the Mekili Road
—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

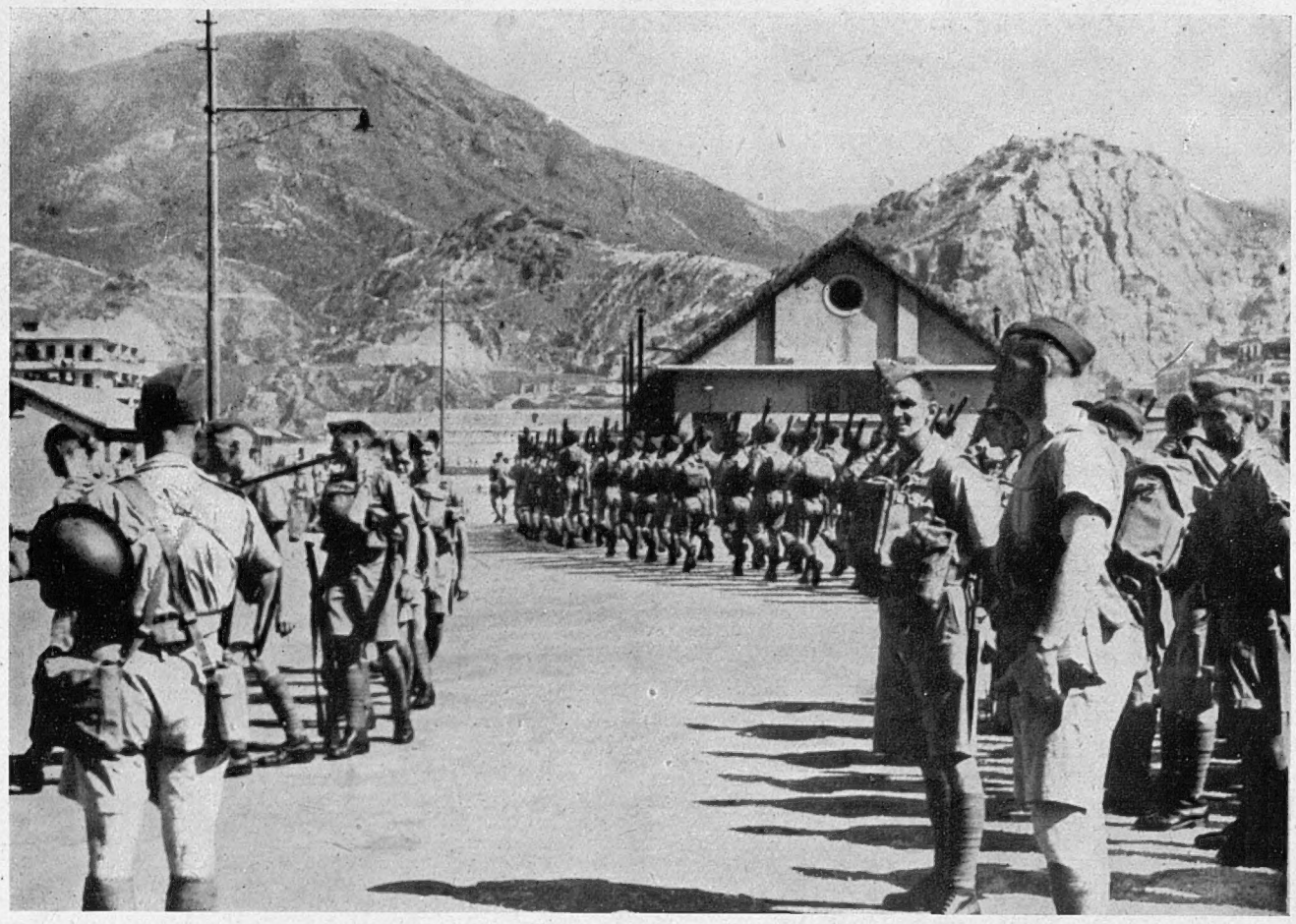
On left—On entering the different terrain west of El Gazala, it would appear that the enemy had two main lines of retreat before him. There was the shore road leading by way of Bomba (used by the enemy as a U-boat base), and a second road further inland which does not provide such good going as the shore road which continues past Bomba to the large Italian Arab town of Derna. Both roads have to climb up to the higher levels of the Cyrenaican Plateau; and it would appear that the enemy would be faced with considerable difficulties when his tired tanks began the long climb. His retreat, apart from these physical difficulties, promises to be harassed by his pursuers, for British Imperial Forces were reported on December 16-17 to be pressing along the area immediately south of the road from Gazala and were threatening the use of this, the best roadway in the district. If the enemy armoured vehicles have to go across country, the going will not be as easy as around the El Adem region—the terrain now includes deep gullies which run southwards from the shore right across the line of the German retreat



3. THE TWO MAIN LINES OF RETREAT LEFT OPEN TO ROMMEL—The shore road to Bomba and the road inland, both of which are on the Cyrenaican Plateau—*Drawing by Percy Home*



***On right*—THE ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF JALO BY INDIAN TROOPS:** Far to the south of the present area of battle in Libya, British forces captured the oasis of Jalo: this picture shows how the capture was effected. Indian troops are seen charging with bayonets and tommy guns through gaps in the enemy's wire. Heavy Breda and machine-gun fire was sweeping the area as the picture was taken. Bren-gun carriers first flattened the wire, then the Indian infantry charged

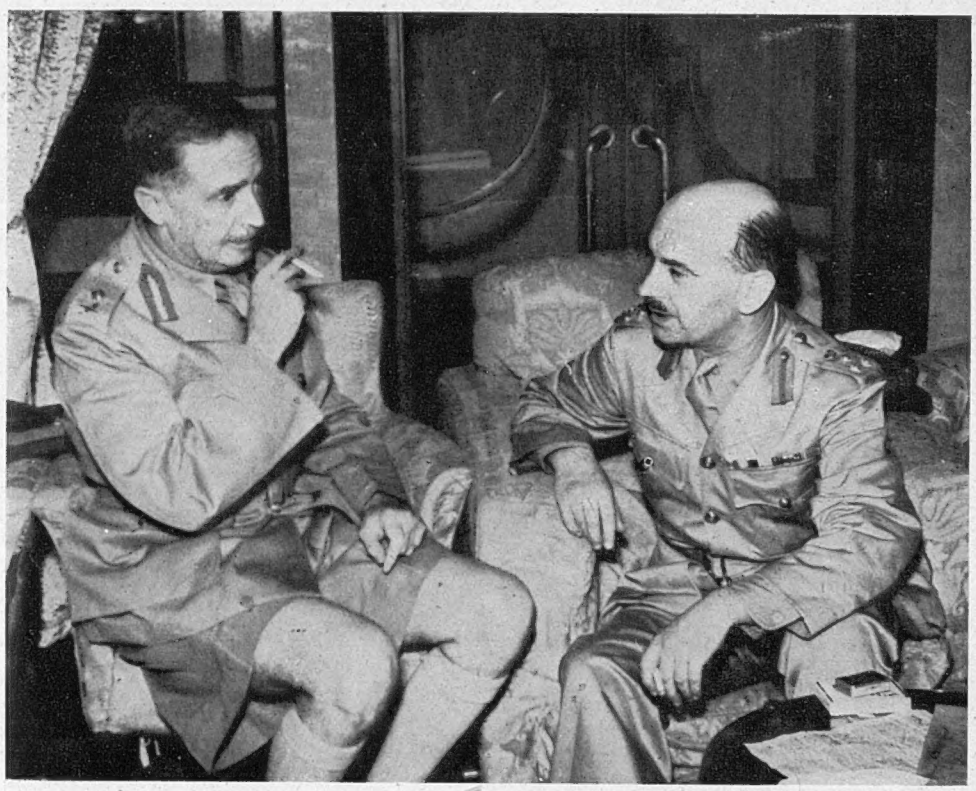


UNDER SHADOW OF THE PEAK AT HONG KONG: Newly-arrived Canadian troops marching into their camp just after landing on the island

The CANADIANS LAND at HONG KONG

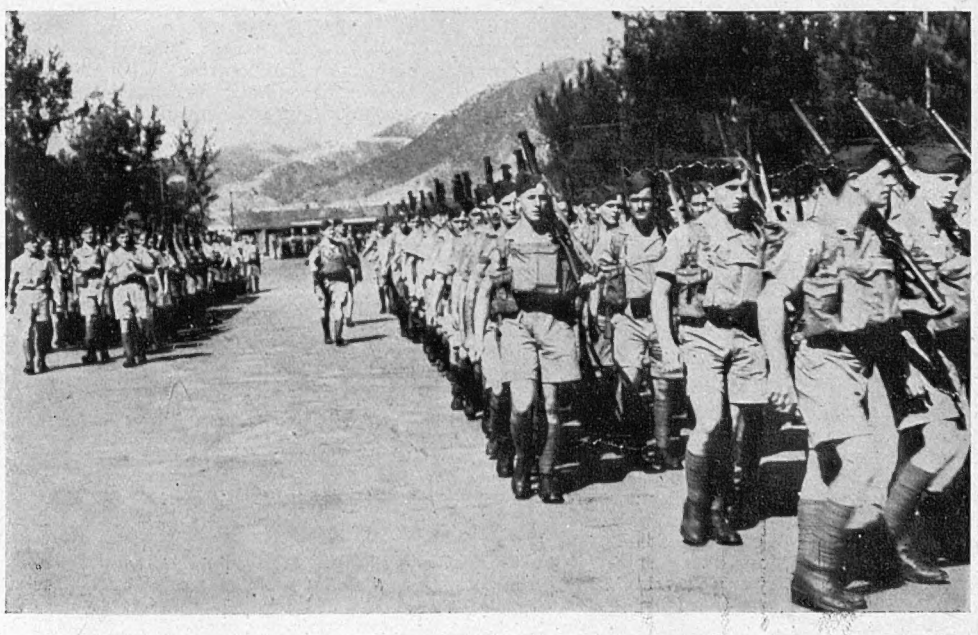
The First Contingent Arrives to Help in the Colony's Defence

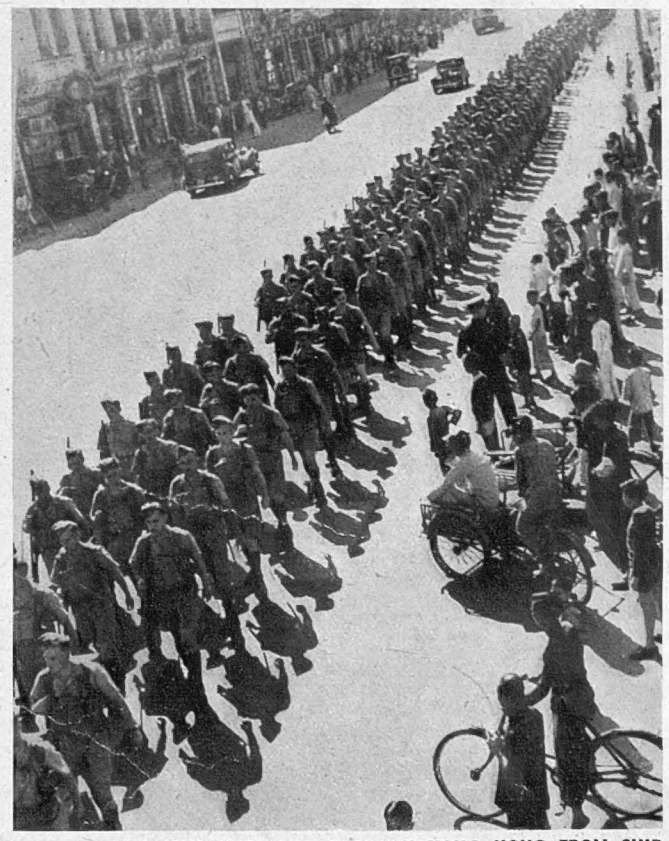
It has just been revealed from Ottawa that the first Canadian contingent has landed at Hong Kong, to assist in the defence of the colony. There are now Scots, Canadians and Indians on the island: in addition, it is estimated that there are some 2,000 local volunteers. Every man on the island has been trained in various types of fighting and is now at his allotted station. Food stocks have been built up which will last for at least three months, and there is no shortage of heavy guns or ammunition. The G.O.C. is Major-General Maltby, of whom a picture is given below: the Governor is Sir Mark Young. (Further pictures dealing with Hong Kong and Kowloon are reproduced on pp. 402-04 of this issue)



THE G.O.C. IN HONG KONG, MAJOR-GENERAL C. M. MALTBY (on left), talking to the officer commanding the newly-arrived Canadian contingent, Brigadier J. K. Lawson

THE GOVERNOR OF HONG KONG, SIR MARK YOUNG (on left), talking to the O.C., Canadian troops: Sir Mark is fifty-five, and was born at Simla: before going to Hong Kong he had been Governor of Tanganyika. He is regarded as a man of strong character and as one of the best in the Colonial Service. His brother is Governor of Trinidad





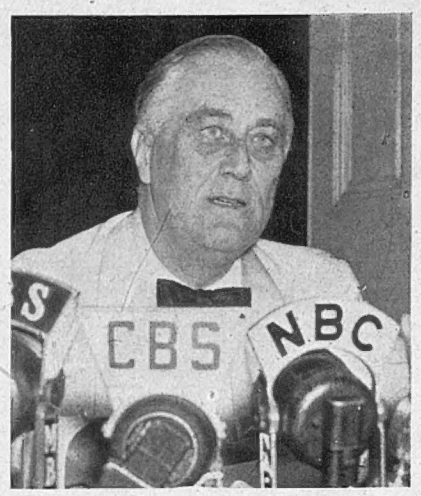
(*Above*) CANADIANS MARCHING THROUGH HONG KONG FROM SHIP TO CAMP: (*on left*) Entering their new camp set amongst the hills of the island

THESE HELD THE STAGE IN 1941

A Review of Some of the Outstanding Personalities who "Made the Headlines" During the Year which has Just Passed

By FERDINAND TUOHY

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Prime Minister, who has seen Britain's power grow mightily during 1941



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, who now stands together with Churchill and Stalin at the head of Democracy

M. JOSEF STALIN, leader of the Russian Peoples in their fight, and bitter in his hatred of Hitler

THE war rolls into its fourth separate year, 1939-40-41-42, and the tale of those summoned to occupy its stage lengthens. Already forgotten are many upon whom a year or two years ago the spotlight fell. Always more move forward or are propelled by circumstance. Many of the names that follow will be forgotten, too, a year or so hence, but for a moment let us capture them before saying "Good-bye 1941." If 1940 was, for the ages, Churchill's year, it would be hard

M. IVAN MAISKY, Russian Ambassador in London and a notable diplomatic personage

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, whose mission to Moscow has been crowned with success

to dispute the gift of 1941 to Stalin. The principal impression given to the world had been that of Trotsky who dismissed his successful rival as a plodding second-rater, wily but very much a secretary to real stature. Others fanned this in uncomplimentary ways we know. Well, there is Stalin to-day, recognised by a Beaverbrook onwards for his grasp and force and apparently almost human, judging by toasts in the Kremlin.

Five other Russians have shone beside him. This country took instinctively to Timoshenko, the first commander to beat Hitler's army (at Rostov). Few thought Leningrad could hold out beyond October, but Voroshilov is there still to affirm the Red Army he did so much to establish. Zukhov's defence of Moscow is growing to be a classic. Lozovsky wielding of the propagandist arm showed him as the master . . . *tu l'as voulu*, Goebbels. And "little Maisky" has grown to be not far short of the most popular figure in England. To

M. A. LOZOVSKY, mouthpiece of Russia and great propagandist

MARSHAL VOROSHILOV, Russian Army Commander, defender of Leningrad

him and to Sir Stafford Cripps, much is owed. Mr. Churchill is engaged on that business more difficult than attaining greatness: maintaining it. He meets with less opposition than any Prime Minister in history; he *must* succeed because so much would go down with him in the world's eyes if he failed. Is the absence of all serious competition a danger? Decidedly; and whether true or not, Mr. Lloyd George's reported saying that "he needs someone to say 'No! No! No!' to him," sounds justified. How one wishes a Birkenhead were there in his gay prime! Mr. Churchill is said to rely a good deal on Sir John Anderson, doing a Milner job in this war. Yet competent or brainy as he may be, one cannot see this former Civil Servant indulging in a large number of "No's!"

Mr. Churchill was operating on his heights that day he immediately swung alongside Russia, the pictorial sequel to which is to be discerned in the international forces Hitler has squeezed for his crusade against Russia. A Franco Blue Division before Leningrad, very blue, I should say. Italians and Rumanians running about the Donetz Basin. A French Fascist unit somewhere behind the lines, wearing Boche tin helmets, uniforms and decorations, and Foch dead but a dozen years, to his last breath, in the back room by the Invalides, pointing to the enemy over the Rhine. Hungarians who have fight but would prefer to use it on the Rumanians, and Finns who have to fight too, but who 've been pressed into the crusade by a typical totalitarian minority holding all the key posts.

Lord Beaverbrook, described as "a dynamic pirate," offers an interesting problem. Should he be let loose for, say, a couple of months in each Ministry, or would the resultant upset be so terrible that entirely new committees would have to be formed to determine how to get

MR. BRENDAN BRACKEN, Minister of Information, and a new power in politics

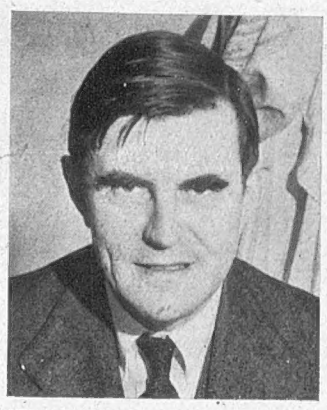
LORD BEAVERBROOK, Minister of Supply, and the most dynamic of political figures

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, Minister of Labour, whose problems are man, and woman, power

back to pre-Beaver rule by committee? Lord Beaverbrook gives the impression of doing a terrific war dance before he loses breath, of packing every second before he goes. He should appreciate living in a democracy which forgets, while he makes amends in war, his lapses of peace ("there 'll be no war!" up to the very eve). But the correct moment to get on to pre-war lapses, to *causes*, is when we approach quite near victory. Then we must get on to them or else this war generation will go away and dance, just as we did, and it will be the same old story over again. Limited voting based on one's job or responsibility and a recasting of the whole M.P. system seem indicated.

Mr. Bracken did well to begin in one of the most difficult jobs, and he seems to have actually satisfied journalists. Lord Woolton does so well that one wonders he doesn't see the Black Market scandal from the standpoint of its dangerous national shame. He doubtless knows that when Hitler says the Jews torpedoed the German home front last time, he really means what in Germany was called the *Valuta Schwein*, the pig who gorged. This nation is too easy-going to revolt because of its Valuta-Pigs; but the fact remains that anything shameful is not healthy for the State.

Now that Mr. Bevin has been helped over his bashfulness—there are, after all, so many million flapper votes to be held or lost—he will no doubt lunge forward again. Some also talk of Alexander. Yet his broadside on Shinwell was overdone. Shinwells are necessary or we wouldn't get Churchills. As the Premier



MR. JOHN G. WINANT, U.S. Ambassador to Britain, and great friend of this country

MR. HARRY HOPKINS, U.S. Lease-Lend Administrator, and another great friend of Britain

looks across at his critic, the thought must come: "I used to be something like that."

The most tried and consistently successful of our commanders, Admiral Cunningham, enters on a new and hazardous phase with the possibility of a Fascist sea combination against him. His brother, after brilliantly whacking Italians in East Africa, found Germans different. After taking responsibility for Benghazi, April 5, General Wavell conserves ample reputation and panache, and has the wishes of all in wider tasks ahead. At home, a reshuffle—let us hope, a final one—leaves us with three leading names, Brooke, Nye and Paget, should invasion come in one of those bad months for us, April or May.

Looking at it from their point of view, the Germans have watched the fortunes of a string of Marshals: Rundstedt, Bock, Leeb, List and General Rommel. Admirals are not in vogue while the Luftwaffe has shown suspicions of a purge. Rundstedt emerges as the Mackensen of this war. Years ago, in Berlin, Bock was being cast as its Ludendorff. The stubborn Rommel recalls Von Lettow-Vorbeck, who once kept on so long in East Africa. Others may be more interested in the Munich architect, Todt, a sort of mechanised Vauban, who has introduced something new into warfare with his immense, transportable, semi-serf army building up communications and fortifications over hundreds of miles up to the very edge of the battlefield. And, of course, there was Hess. Did Hitler know he was flying to Scotland to try and raise the nucleus here of a "no-fighting-alongside-Russia" movement? For the true picture of the Nazi in 1941, there are Heydrich and Stuelpnagel. While these Germans were scrawling with giant fist, a German who tried as much a generation earlier died almost unnoticed. Something in monarchy vanished with the Kaiser and Alfonso.

Vichy, whose acts are insupportable—Japan could not have got going without Vichy's gift of Indo-China—continues with Pétain and Darlan, beside whom some might almost prefer another open enemy. Vichy has produced Pucheu, Marion and Dentz. Pucheu controls the police and spying forces that hold down

the French. Marion, an ex-Communist journalist, has taken over Public Enlightenment of all kinds. Dentz, who vies with Darlan in his English-hating, would act where Weygand refused. I am unconvinced that Weygand really turned so bitterly against *les Anglais*, and believe it possible that he adopted that camouflage as a means of extending his stay in Africa. A bright French page of a day was written by the youth Colette.

Already the Pacific War is adding new personalities to the giant land and seascape of conflict. Admiral Kimmins and General Macarthur are names that may soon be as well known in the United States as once were those

DEFEATISTS—Marshal Pétain and Admiral Darlan, the two Vichy leaders, now dickering with the Germans

of Dewey and Miles. Other Americans like Lindbergh, Wheeler, Nye and Cudahy, who lived in the headlines for months, should now be less seen and heard. I said *should*. But it is extremely likely that they will now strut the stage figuratively wrapped in Old Glory. There seems to be something wrong somewhere when citizens can do everything to hamper and bunker their President's attempt to bring war-mindedness, only to escape scot-free, rather to pose as patriots for having swung into line, when the worst befalls. Nor is America the only place where public men have got away with that kind of thing.

It immediately became all too apparent that nothing Secretary Knox ever said in pointing to the extent of the danger was the slightest bit exaggerated. Americans who have deserved well of their country have been Messrs. Hopkins, Harriman and Winant, and one hazards with confidence that the U.S. Ambassador will be one of the most important persons in the eventual settlement, as he is better placed than anyone to bring into action the I.L.O. John L. Lewis might be better employed at his side than in conducting strikes in some measure from personal motive: however, now the ranks will be closed across the ocean for the United States' severest test since she became a nation.

The Japanese who have shot into the limelight are Admiral N gano, Tojo and Kusuru. I recollect the sailor at Geneva, where he used to head a Mission at the Hotel Metropole, the

COLONEL FRANK KNOX, U.S. Secretary of the Navy

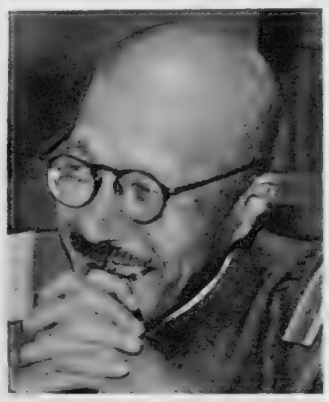
MR. A. V. ALEXANDER, First Lord of the Admiralty

ADMIRAL SIR A. CUNNINGHAM, Master of the Mediterranean

which will not hesitate to murder anyone standing in its way. The grinning, so-pleased-with-himself Matsuoka is said to have got out only just in time for the good of his health. Clearly the problem of whether Russia should participate will depend on the run of events. The effect of the bombing of Tokyo has to be weighed against the risk arising from an attack on the Russian Siberian Army.

One or two strange birds have made themselves spoken of. There is the Duke of Bedford, whose feelings are such that he refused to allow his Bloomsbury railings to go into the war effort. Rashid Ali was another who hung in the firmament briefly and he may be heard from again.

Probably the most valuable book of the year, viewed from posterity, should be Bill Shirer's other comforts along with him. Two kings to join the exiles in London, George of Greece and Peter of Serbia, each had perilous escapes from the thick of things. It might be a good thing to convene a meeting of heads of state here should Hitler proceed with his idea of summoning the satellite kings to Berlin. He has set up several new Quislings during the year, of whom the most outrageous was the bandit Pavelitch, who none the less was received by the Holy See. A whole-hogger who is savagely holding down his fellows is General Nedov in Belgrade. Tsankoff and Antonescu complete the Quisling newcomers. There are now no more Quisling pastures to till. It is certain that a very sure Nemesis will eventually overtake all these traitors to their own countries and to Humanity! I



GENERAL TOJO, who has plunged Japan into war with the U.S. and Britain

RIZA SHAH PAHLEVI, the Shah of Persia, who has lost his throne

RASHID ALI, the Iraq Prime Minister, kicked out of Bagdad by the British

GENERAL LIST, Nazi Commander in Greece and Crete

GENERAL VON RUNDSTEDT, Nazi Commander in Russia

GENERAL VON BOCK, sacked for the debacle in Russia

Japanese often putting on their native dress directly they gained their apartments. They were ever-grinning bargainers. Japs look and act as the most treacherous people. If the story going round of what Mr. Cordell Hull said to Kusuru, regarding compliments to the Son of Heaven, is not true, it ought to be. Tojo emerges as the head of a Service clique

ISOLATIONIST CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, who has suddenly become patriotic

ISOLATIONIST JOHN L. LEWIS, U.S. Labour Leader who has called for strikes

the air. Though how he does it all without notes, beats me. Quentin Reynolds established a new "high" for the prominent newspaper correspondent, becoming an international figure by his two film commentaries (London and Russia), and his celebrated Schickle-grueber stunt. Other headliners in the ether have been Professor Joad, of the astonishing Brains Trust utterance, and "Colonel Britton," who steers the V campaign. This requires to be very carefully switched on and off if it is to maintain its grip. Two Englishwomen to come to the front of the stage are General Jean Knox and Mrs. Churchill, who is increasingly a national figure. She makes as attractive a picture as any woman of her years well could, which I hope does not sound ungallant.

Riza Shah has been a casualty and will have to spend the balance of his life on Mauritius. But, like Ab-el-Krim on a French tropical island, Riza was allowed to take funds, wives and

Berlin Diary. Orson Welles shot dazzlingly over Hollywood with a new and vivid technique. Otherwise the year has been Disney's. In broadcasting we have had Frank Laskier, who should have several Conrad books in him and whose voice is one of the most striking ever heard on

understand that the Nazis have no intention of putting pressure on Switzerland, to which they habitually refer as "Hitler's biggest internment camp"—a reference to the 4,000,000 inhabitants, among whom nearly all active members are churning out stuff for Germany.

Honoured names are those of Simovitch, who did his best at the very last moment to organise resistance in Yugoslavia, and Tsoudoros, who is maintaining the wonderful fighting reputation of the Greeks: it is now clear that the defences of their respective countries that they put up last April were of the highest value. Without these blockings of the Germans, and Crete, Hitler could have launched out at Russia on May 10, the day Hess flew over here.

And so we face 1942, when many people to-day unknown, or as good as so, will temporarily hold the stage. It is inevitable that many names should have been omitted from the list I have given here: but, in wartime, figures loom up quickly and fade out equally quickly! I hope in a succeeding article to examine the kind of figures the Allies could well do with.

GENERAL VON STUELPNAGEL, Governor of Paris, and a cruel Nazi administrator

"PROTECTOR" OF BOHEMIA AND MORAVIA, Reinhard Heydrich, whose cruelties are legion

b

HOW STRONG is the JAPANESE AIR FORCE?

An Authoritative Estimate of the Bomber and Fighter Strength of Our Far Eastern Antagonist, and of the Types of Aircraft at Their Disposal

VERY great secrecy has always surrounded military and naval matters in Japan, and the Air Arm, which comes under the control of the Army and the Navy, seems to have been afforded a "super protection" against all inquiring eyes and ears from its inception. Consequently, it has been difficult to follow with any degree of certainty the detailed development of Japanese naval and military aircraft to date. Nevertheless, some general trends in policy and design have become apparent and can be roughly outlined.

JAPANESE NAVAL BOMBERS IN ACTION: The winding river below is the Yangtze Kiang near Chungking

The Japanese have not, so far, brought out any really original designs of their own, having preferred to copy and develop foreign types. In certain cases this development has been carried to the point where the Japanese product can no longer be classed in the same category as its foreign prototype, due to marked differences in range, load, speed, etc. In this connection it can be said that the Japanese generally seem to favour a lower wing-loading (which means lower landing speed, amongst other things) than either English or German designers.

After being influenced, in very early years, by English (Sopwith) and French builders, between 1930 and 1935 the Japanese sought inspiration in Germany, and brought out a successful naval and coastal-defence bomber, the Mitsubishi T.96, which is a development of the well-known German Junkers 86. Later, American influence became very strongly marked.

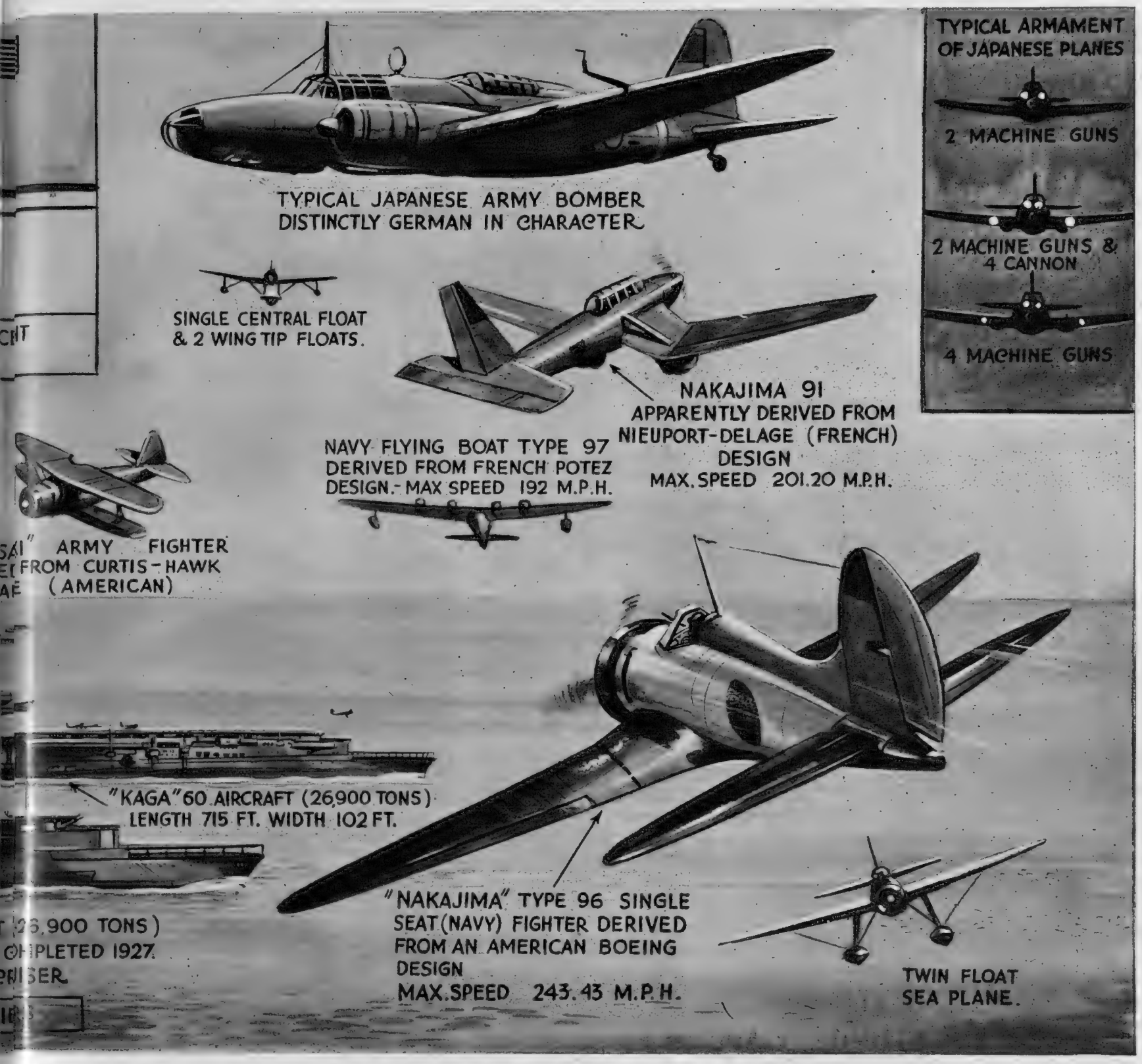
The net result of all this development is a multiplicity of types, but it is reasonable to suppose that the Japanese aircraft industry will ultimately concentrate on a limited number of well-developed models, as has been the case in both England and Germany.

Military aviation began in 1911, started by two officers who had learned flying in France. In 1919 a French Military Aviation Mission assisted in the formation of the Japanese Army Air Service. The Naval Air Service was begun in the following year, and in 1921 a British Air Mission undertook the reorganisation of the naval side. About three years ago, the status of the military wing was raised by the appointment of an Inspector-General of Military Aviation.

Both the Army and the Navy embarked on an ambitious, five-year, air-expansion scheme. First-line strength was then around 1,900 aircraft, of which about 1,000 were naval types. Of these, some 40 per cent. were ship-borne, and the rest shore-based. Japan has now eight aircraft-carriers, and claims that the strength of her ship-borne aircraft is surpassed only by Britain and the United States, but to what extent expansion has been carried out is not stated.

JAPANESE PLANES CAN BE SHOT OUT OF THE AIR, LIKE ANY OTHER! This warplane was shot down near Hankow and became a total wreck. During the past few months, pending the re-establishment of the Chinese Air Force, the Japanese bombers have had it very largely their own way: almost the only opposition they have encountered has been from anti-aircraft fire from the ground

BOMBERS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY flying over the rugged mountains of Szechuan Province, near Chungking, for a bombing raid on the Chinese Nationalist capital, which has withstood an incredible number of attacks



JAPAN'S AIR FORCE: THERE ARE SAID TO BE 3,000 AEROPLANES OF ALL KINDS. Of the two forces, the Army is thought to be stronger in aircraft, although a good deal of the bombing hitherto carried out against China has been done by the Naval arm—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

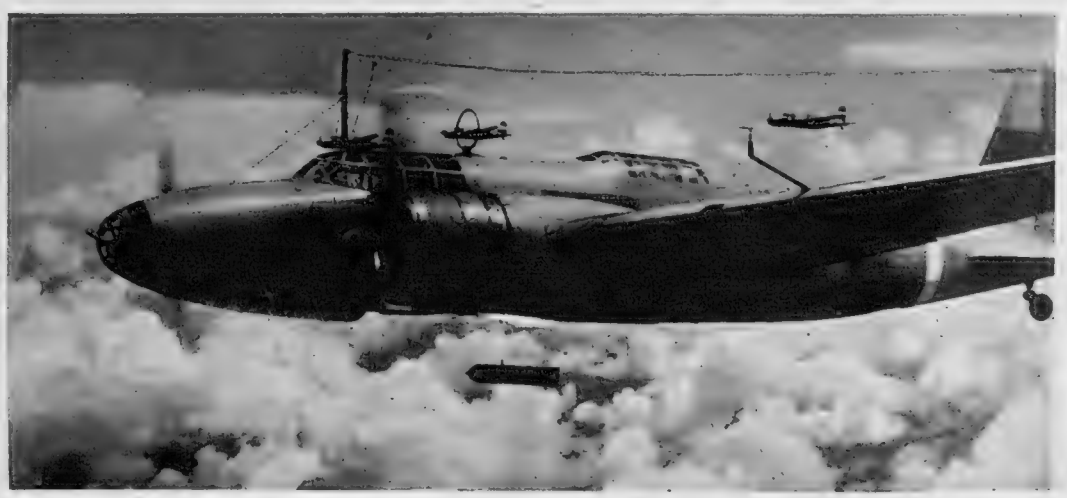
Japanese bomber and fighter squadrons usually consist of ten planes each; reconnaissance squadrons usually of nine. Besides aircraft-carriers proper, Japan has about five seaplane-carriers and an uncertain number of warships equipped with catapults. The Army maintains six flying schools, and the Navy one: the total output of all seven schools is stated to be not more than 700 pilots and crew a year. In September 1939 the total personnel of the Army and Navy air arms was about 33,000, of which some 3,000 were Army pilots and 2,100 Navy pilots. In the drawing by Mr. Roland Davies above, the principal types of aircraft used by Japan are indicated, together with their characteristics: the drawing inset in the *upper right corner* indicates the usual method of arming the aircraft. Included in the drawing are impressions of the aircraft-carriers on which Japan has relied so strongly in the opening stages of her war; details are included, showing the capacities and characteristics of three typical vessels, the *Akagi*, *Kaga* and *Ryujo*

It is known, however, that the war against China, shortage of raw materials and general disturbance caused by World War conditions have created many difficulties.

Japanese personnel is regarded as good. Discipline is strict and morale high. Experts, however, consider that the air arms are handicapped by slow thinking and text book routine. New schools have recently been established.

The modern Japanese fighters for both the Navy (shore-based) and the Army are single-engined, low-wing monoplanes, with maximum speeds varying from 270-300 m.p.h. at 15,000 ft. The majority of these are equipped with four guns; in some cases two cannons and two machine-guns, the remainder with four machine-guns. But there is a probability that a number of older types of fighters are still in use with top speeds of 250-260 m.p.h. and carrying only two machine-guns. Included amongst these older types are a few biplanes with a speed around the 200-m.p.h. mark.

The best known of the heavy-bomber type are the Naval Mitsubishi T.96 and the Army Mitsubishi T.97. These are twin-engined machines, the former a mid-wing monoplane showing definite Junkers influence in design. These carry on an average 2,000 lb. with a range of about 1,100 miles. The light bombers and reconnaissance aircraft are chiefly single-engined, low-wing monoplanes with maximum speeds of 250-260 m.p.h. and maximum bomb-loads varying between 800-1,000 lb. The two main types of reconnaissance float-planes are the T.95, a single-engined biplane with a single central float and two wing-tip floats, and the T.97, a mid-wing monoplane with a twin float. This aircraft is very often used as a fighter. The most commonly-used flying-boats are the three-engined T.96 Mitsubishi and the four-engined Kawanishi T.97.



ONE OF THE HEAVY MITSUBISHI BOMBERS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY: This picture was taken during a bombing flight in South China. This type of aircraft would carry an average bomb-load of about 2,000 lb., and would have an effective range of about 1,100 miles

BRITAIN'S LANDING BARGES

The Special Craft which have Already been Used in Operations in Enemy-held Territory

At quite a number of points the "invasion barges" illustrated on this page have already been used against the enemy—the Lofotens and Spitzbergen amongst them. Now, at various suitable places along the coast, Royal Marines are undergoing extensive training in these craft. The barges are built of steel, are power-driven, and are usually in the command of a Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R. They carry a surprising number of men and their equipment: they are well armoured against bullets and light shells, and are so constructed that their occupants can be landed very quickly. The invasion barges are of very shallow draught: they are run right up on to the beach, where the forepart is lowered to form a landing ramp. Some of the barges are equipped with steel shields, in which slits have been cut, to accommodate machine-gunners.

A PARTY OF ROYAL MARINES COMES ASHORE IN A BIG "INVASION BARGE": In addition to the men, motor-cycles, Bren guns and other equipment are brought ashore

THE SEATING ARRANGEMENT WITHIN THE BARGE: Note the Bren guns, and the method of protection by overhead steel plates

ONCE THE BARGES GROUND, THE FORWARD RAMP IS LOWERED AND A SPEEDY LANDING MADE. It will be observed that this type of barge differs somewhat from that shown in the picture at the top. Note the "turrets," with firing apertures

WHILST ON THEIR WAY TO THE COAST WHICH IS TO BE INVADED, THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF MARINES WHICH THE BARGE IS CONVEYING. The two men forward—behind steel plating—can fire through the slits in their turrets on to the beach if necessary. The rest of the human cargo below are quite well protected from stray fire from the enemy

The PACIFIC BASES of the THREE POWERS

—A Note by DOUGLAS GLEN

SINGAPORE and Pearl Harbour dominate the Pacific scene, whatever facile successes Japan has secured for herself by her initial treachery.

Geographically, Japan is in a strong defensive position, for she enjoys the advantage of being able to fight in the near neighbourhood of her home bases.

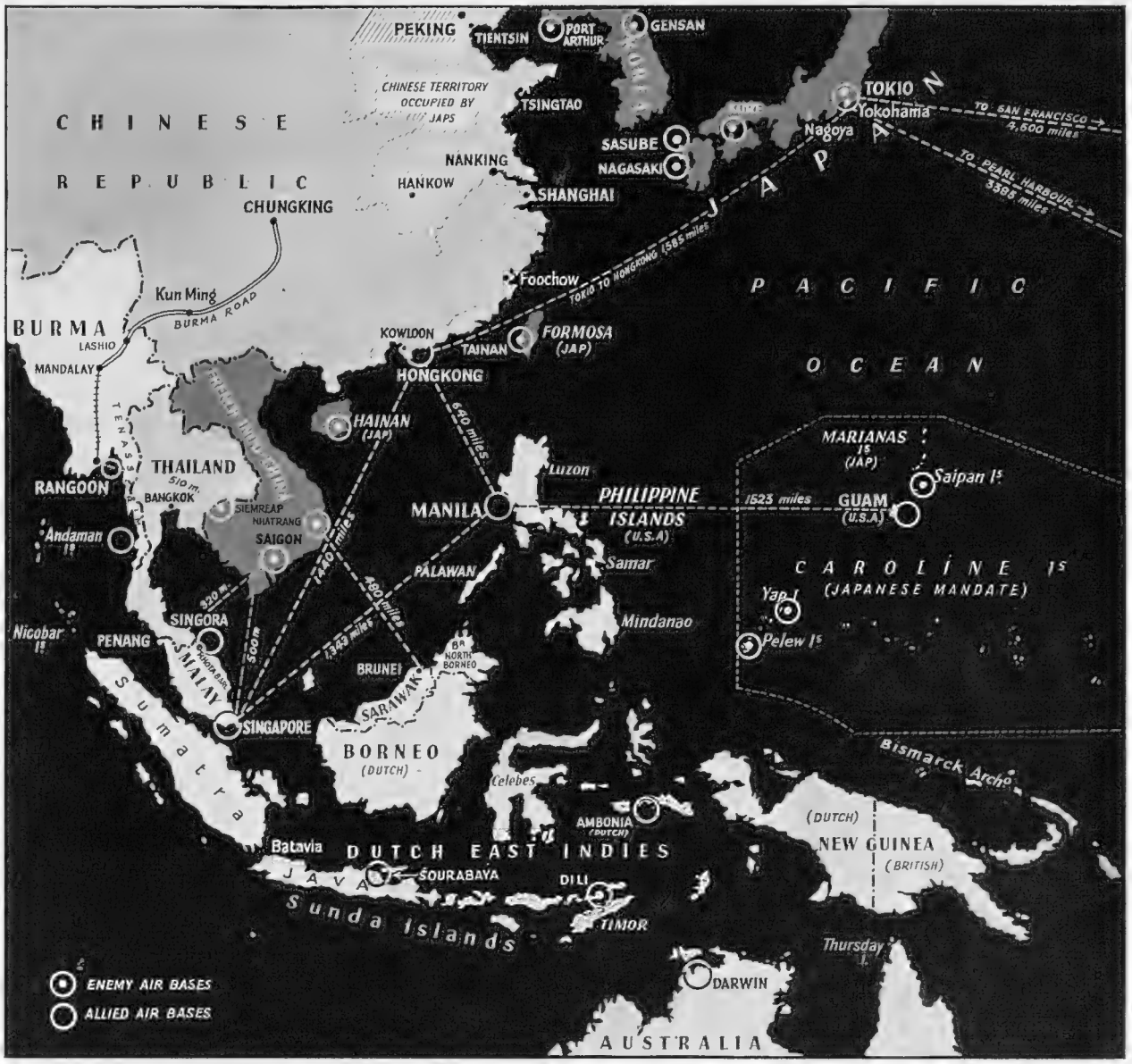
Taking into account the air and naval bases scattered over the islands, she is in a position to take the offensive against every American and British fortified point in the Pacific.

On the island of Japan itself, the chief bases are at Yokosuka, Kure, Sasube and Nagasaki; on the continent of Asia, there are bases at Port Arthur and Gensan on the peninsula of Korea. North of Japan, in the Kurile Islands, there is a strong base at Paramushira 800 miles from Attu Island in the Aleutian Islands and 2,000 miles from the American naval base of Dutch Harbour.

Further south there are bases and airfields on the Luchoo Islands, at Tainan on Formosa, on Bonin Island, Saipan, Yap and Pelew in the Carolines, and the recently fortified island of Hainan threatens Hong Kong.

Thus, Pelew Island is but 700 miles and Saipan only 150 miles from Guam. Yokosuka is 300 miles distant, whereas from Guam to Wake Island is 1,500 miles, to Midway Island 2,500, and Pearl Harbour 3,300.

A glance at the map shows that the whole ocean is dotted with innumerable islands. The Philippines alone comprise some 2,000, although no more than eleven of them are of importance. It is here on the island of Luzon that Manila lies, 1,800 miles from Yokohama and only 630 miles from Hong Kong. Since the American occupation of the Philippines in 1898, Manila has become one of the most strongly fortified points in the Far East. Forts Santiago, Corregidor and Baguio dominate its approaches, and there are excellent airfields at Nicholas and Clarkfield. It does not possess the facilities of a naval base, and as the strongest fortifications require adequate naval support for their complete protection, it has to rely on Pearl Harbour and the chain of smaller bases extending from Midway and Wake Island to Guam.



THE AIR BASES OF BRITAIN, AMERICA AND JAPAN IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC—The Japanese bases are mostly on the mainland of Asia, whilst the Allied bases are mainly on islands and in Singapore

At the outset of the war, Japan's position, so far as air bases go, was very strong. Stretching down through Japan itself, the line was continued by way of Formosa to French Indo-China on the Asian mainland: and out in the ocean were a string of island bases—Saipan, Pelew, and the recently acquired Dili on the Island of Timor. The United States and Britain were fairly strong in bases in this region, too, but certain of them have now gone and others are threatened. In the above map the Allied air bases are indicated by a circle; the Japanese with a circle and white dot

The WAR in the PACIFIC

A Survey of the New Battle Zone which Now Stretches Over 6,000 Miles of Ocean

—With Special Sphere Drawings, Diagrams and Maps

Guam, however, had not been fully developed, partly owing to the provision in the Washington Agreement prohibiting the construction of new bases and fortifications in certain areas of the Pacific, but mainly because, being surrounded by the strongly fortified Japanese mandated islands of Mariana, the Carolines, and the Marshall Islands, it was thought to be too vulnerable. It lies 1,500 miles from Manila, and is within effective cruising distance of the Hawaiian Islands and Pearl Harbour. Upon it are based only light advanced units of the U.S. Navy.

Japan has a powerful air force and eight or nine aircraft-carriers. Her mandate covers her bases at Saipan, Yap and Pelew, and some of the islands in this group may well have been used as advanced bases for the opening attacks on Wake, Midway and Pearl Harbour. With the wide range of aircraft-carriers great distances lose their meaning, and American naval bases on the mainland at Seattle, 4,200 miles from Yokohama, San Francisco 4,500 miles distant, and Los Angeles are well within reach of sporadic suicide raids; even a raid on Panama cannot be regarded as impossible.

Japanese strategy in attacking while talks continued at Washington envisaged the rapid reduction and possibly the occupation of Allied bases, such as Hong Kong and Guam, before ships of the U.S. Navy could hope to relieve them. Pearl Harbour, where the bulk of the Fleet was stationed, is 3,400 miles from Tokyo, the equivalent of eight or nine days' fast steaming; ten days from Hong Kong, and twelve or thirteen days from Singapore. By their cunning they hoped further to inflict such injury on American warships as to level the odds which will undoubtedly be against them when the vital trial of naval strength eventually comes.

Owing to these great distances, and to the existence of first-class Japanese naval bases on Formosa and Bonin Islands, and the barrier of the Kurile Islands running north to Kamchatka, a blockade of Japan is not at present feasible. The Japanese have seized the initiative at sea and in the air; they have occupied Indo-China and have gained the use of Thailand for an attack by land on the Malay Peninsula with the object of taking Singapore; they are attacking in Borneo as a preliminary to larger designs on the Dutch Indies and Australasia, and they have invested Hong Kong. The role of the Allies, therefore, unless the American Fleet from Pearl Harbour has the good fortune to meet and defeat the Japanese Fleet, is largely defensive. Owing to its rocky nature, it would be difficult to effect a landing in strength on Hong Kong, an island 11 miles long, and varying from 2 to 5 miles in breadth. It is but 1,430 miles from Singapore, but must wait for help until units of the U.S. Navy arrive from Hawaii. Yokohama is almost as near, 1,580 miles away. Hong Kong has a harbour large enough to accommodate a whole fleet, and its defences have been greatly strengthened in recent months.

Nevertheless, it is upon the successful defence of Singapore and its ultimate exploitation as a base for offensive naval and air action that Britain's Imperial destiny in the Far East depends. It commands the principal navigable channel through the reefs and islands of the Malay Archipelago. It is sufficiently large and well equipped to take not only our own squadrons, but the U.S. Fleet from Pearl Harbour and the nearer bases. It has an immense graving dock 1,000 ft. long, and deep enough to take the biggest capital ships, and a huge floating dock which is capable of lifting a 50,000-ton battleship out of the water. Situated at the southern end of the Malay Peninsula it is the eastern gateway to India; it safeguards Australasia, Borneo and the Dutch East Indies.

A large augmented air force is stationed there and at the entrance to the Strait of Johore on which it lies is Changi, strongly fortified.

The striking power of Singapore has been enormously increased during the period of tension with Japan, and it can be said with confidence that it is impregnable to attack either by sea or air. It is worth now many warships to Britain, for without it, Allied vessels would need to steam many thousands of miles to Pearl Harbour or some more distant base for repairs or refuelling.

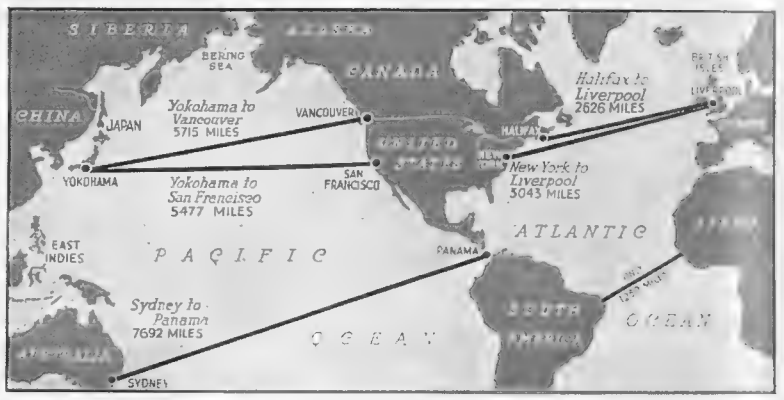
Ideally situated for its great purpose, it has been well named "the Gibraltar of the East."

IN COMMAND OF THE R.A.F. IN THE FAR EAST: Air Vice-Marshal C. W. H. Pulford, O.B.E., A.F.C.: Forty-nine years of age, he was born in India, educated at Osborne and Dartmouth, and entered the Navy in 1910. He joined the R.N.A.S. in 1914 and saw service in the Dardanelles and Adriatic. In 1926 he commanded the R.A.F. 14,000-mile reliability flight from Cairo to the Cape and back. He became Air Commodore in 1936 and was promoted Air Vice-Marshal in 1939

The WAR in the PACIFIC *(continued)*—The Scene in Malaya and the Philippines

THE OPENING ATTACKS BY THE JAPANESE ON THE PHILIPPINES: How the enemy forces attempted landings on the western and northern shores of the Island of Luzon, on which Manila is situated—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Following the initial air-bombing of Cavite naval base and the aerodromes at and near Manila, Japanese sea-borne troops attempted to gain a foothold both on the western and northern shores of Luzon. On Wednesday, December 10, a number of Japanese troopships and attendant warships were off the area bounded by Vigan on the north and San Fernando on the south. There is a shore road between the two places, and a number of smaller towns and villages in between, backed by forest-clad hills. The Japanese forces attempted to land, but were repulsed with losses. Enemy transports were attacked by U.S. planes and sunk. At the same time, a second Japanese force managed to effect a landing on the north coast in and around the town of Aparri. The landing was at a point which admits only to a jungle-choked valley between high mountains. The road south is blocked by Mount Caballsian. On December 10 and 11, the environs and suburbs of Manila were heavily attacked by Japanese bombers. They fanned-out on reaching Nicholls airfield, and proceeded to strafe the airfield, setting light to buildings from which a heavy pall of smoke was observed to be rising. Cavite naval base, to the west of Manila, was also bombed. Corregidor Island's heavy fortifications do not seem to have been involved

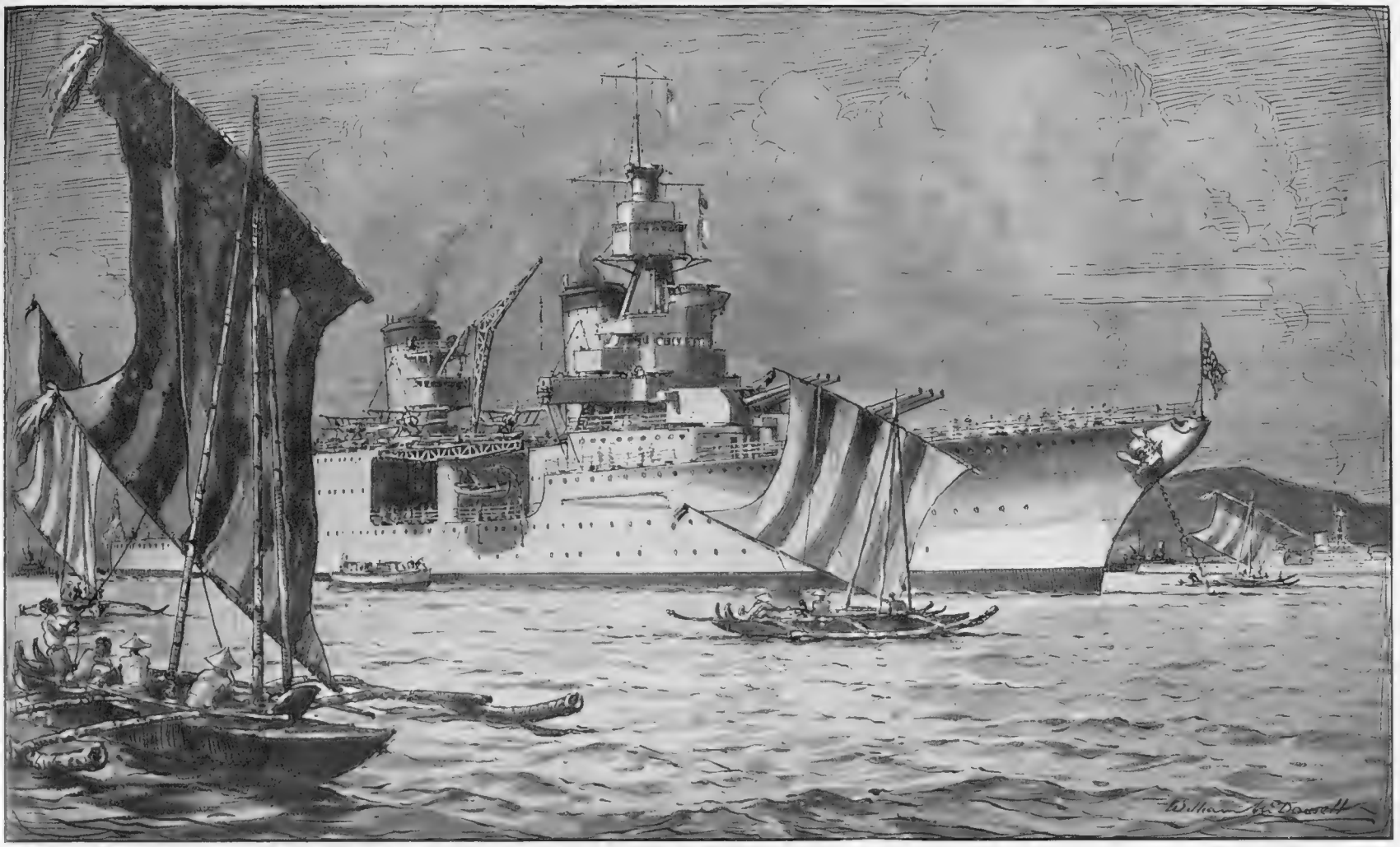


THE TWO-OCEAN NAVY foreseen by U.S. strategists is now a necessity: Although at the moment the principal attention is being devoted to the Pacific, the U.S. naval authorities must also watch their Eastern freeboard—in view of the participation of Germany and Italy

THE MODERN, UP-TO-DATE CITY OF MANILA, CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

As a result of the Spanish-American War, the Philippines were ceded to the U.S. in 1898. Under American rule, the capital city of Manila—once a stagnant, insanitary spot—has become a thriving city, notable for its general progress. This picture shows the Jones Bridge over the Pasig River; this is the main vehicular bridge between the business section and the residential suburbs. Juana Luna Street, along the waterfront, is seen in the background

THE U.S. NAVAL CHIEF—Admiral Thomas C. Hart, Chief of the Asiatic Squadron of the U.S. Navy. He has his headquarters at Manila, and is to direct all ships within his waters. Britain, America and the Netherlands agreed to this complete control some time ago



IN MANILA HARBOUR, ONE OF THE PACIFIC BASES OF THE UNITED STATES: An American cruiser of the Portland type (which mounts nine 8-in. guns and carries a complement of 581) surrounded by typical Filipino craft—*Drawing by William McDowell*

The native craft seen in this picture are dug-out canoes, very narrow in the beam and with outriggers of hollow bamboo. Note the bamboo tripod mast, the first recorded use of which was in ancient Egypt about 2000 B.C. In the background, across the bay, is the Mariveles Mountain. Manila is the base of the United States Asiatic Fleet from December to May. The cruiser *Portland* is a vessel of 9,800 tons displacement. She was launched in May 1932

HOW THE WOMEN OF MALAYA ARE SETTING TO WORK: There are a dozen different ways in which women work voluntarily for victory in Malaya—in the Red Cross, in A.R.P. ambulance posts, in the storage of blood for transfusion, in making and collecting clothes and blankets for air-raid victims. This picture was taken at Government House, Singapore, and shows ladies of the English Colony at work

BRITISH LEADERS MEET TO CONFER IN SINGAPORE: This picture was taken before the Japanese declaration of war: it includes the following—Sir Robert Brooke-Popham (C.-in-C., Far East), Mr. Duff Cooper (Cabinet Representative in the Far East), Sir Earle Page (the Australian leader), Sir Archibald Clarke-Kerr (British Ambassador to Chungking), Sir Shenton Thomas (Governor of Malaya) and Sir Geoffrey Layton (C.-in-C. of the Eastern Squadron)

LIEUT.-GEN. A. E. PERCIVAL, who is the British G.O.C. in Malaya, and in charge of the operations now in progress there

LIEUT.-GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Land and Air Forces in the Philippines now fighting the Japs

LOOK OUT FOR THE "SPY-DEVIL" IN TOKYO! A huge row of posters which have recently appeared on the Ginza, principal thoroughfare of the city, during an anti-spy week organised just before Japan's entry into the war. If reports be true, not all of the Japanese nation are in favour of the present war with Britain and the United States

The WAR in the PACIFIC *(continued)*—The Pacific Seaboard

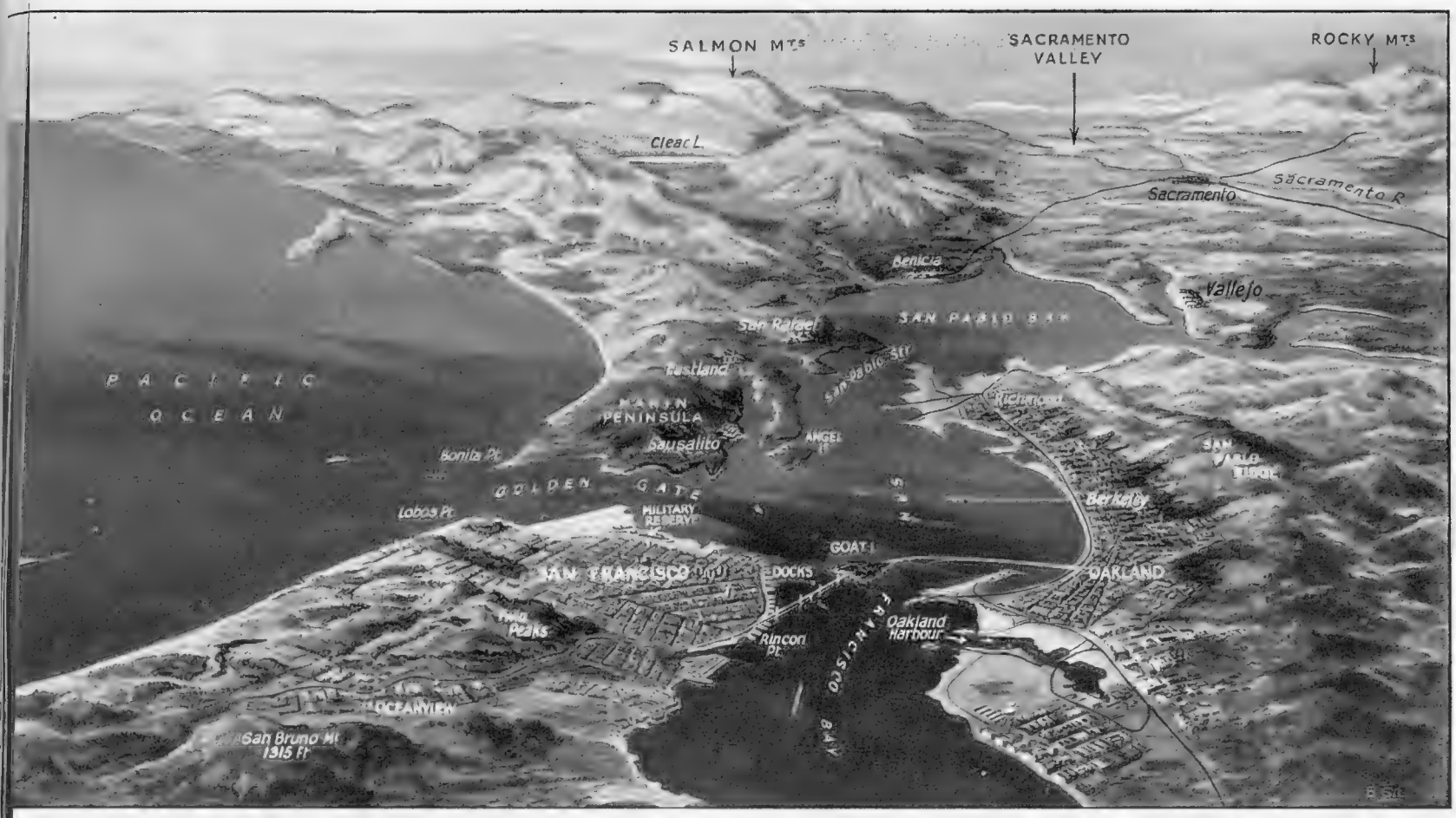
THE PACIFIC COAST, from Alaska to the borders of Mexico : This is a new area which is now in the news. There are nearly 2,500 miles of coastline between Mexico and Alaska : this includes the 1,100 miles of the Canadian Pacific coast. Most of the big American bases are to be found along the southern portion of the U.S. Pacific coastline—notably at San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco. From San Francisco northwards, right up to Seattle, there is a surprisingly long stretch with very few important harbours or towns of importance

SITKA, THE FORMER CAPITAL OF THE U.S. ALASKAN TERRITORY : Up to 1867, Sitka was the Russian capital ; when the transference of Alaska to the United States took place, it became the American capital, until—in 1906—it was superseded by the city of Juneau. With the coming of war, it may be that Alaska will become threatened by the Japanese

WHERE THE FLEET REFUELS AT LOS ANGELES, AT SAN PEDRO IN THE HARBOUR : Although known mainly in this country because of its proximity to Hollywood, Los Angeles is not only the second city in the State of California, but it is also a very important base of the U.S. Navy. It is only rarely that its fine harbour is empty of war vessels. This picture shows the outer harbour of San Pedro and the fleet's refuelling station

PRINCIPAL U.S. NAVAL BASE ON THE PACIFIC COAST : An aerial view of San Diego and its harbour

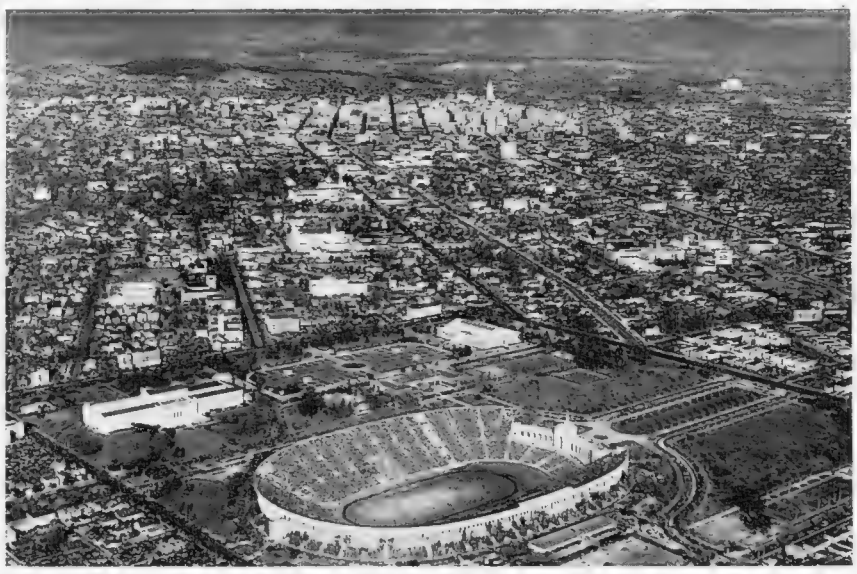
Situated some 126 miles to the south of Los Angeles, San Diego is the chief American naval base on the Pacific coast. Its bay forms a secure and commodious harbour, and in peacetime it is always crowded with naval vessels. Its Naval Academy is famous ; in addition, the city is a favoured watering place, as well as a commercial centre. With Pearl Harbour in Hawaii, San Diego is one of the key points in American naval defence. This picture was taken from the air and shows, in wonderful clarity, the lay-out of the city and of its magnificent bay and dockyards



THE GREAT CITY AND HARBOUR AT SAN FRANCISCO, showing the newly completed Oakland Bridge which passes over Goat Island—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Chief commercial city of the Pacific States of the U.S.A., San Francisco is one of the world's great harbours. The bay is completely landlocked and is 50 miles long and 5 miles broad, access to the ocean being through a strait 5 miles long and only 1 mile wide—the far-famed Golden Gate. Across the bay from San Francisco is its twin city (mainly residential) of Oakland: a new bridge—longest in the world—now connects the two cities, by way of Goat Island. Subsidiary bays abound; and there are docks, wharves and shipyards. Already the city has experienced air-raid alarms: in the event of an attack on the American mainland, San Francisco would probably be one of the cities affected. To the southwards, towards the Mexican border, are the big U.S. naval bases of San Diego and Los Angeles

THE INNER HARBOUR AT LOS ANGELES, viewed from the sea: The oldest city in the West, Los Angeles is a centre of tremendous importance. Its area now extends from the mountains to the sea. In the foreground of the view on the right is seen Exposition Rock, covering some 114 acres of landscape and rock gardens and boasting the Los Angeles Swimming Stadium and the Coliseum football ground, with room for 105,000 persons. The long building in the left foreground is the Los Angeles County Museum, which houses a famous collection of prehistoric animals. On its seaward side the city is vitally important to the American naval effort. For many, Los Angeles has hitherto been important merely as a suburb of the film-centre at Hollywood!



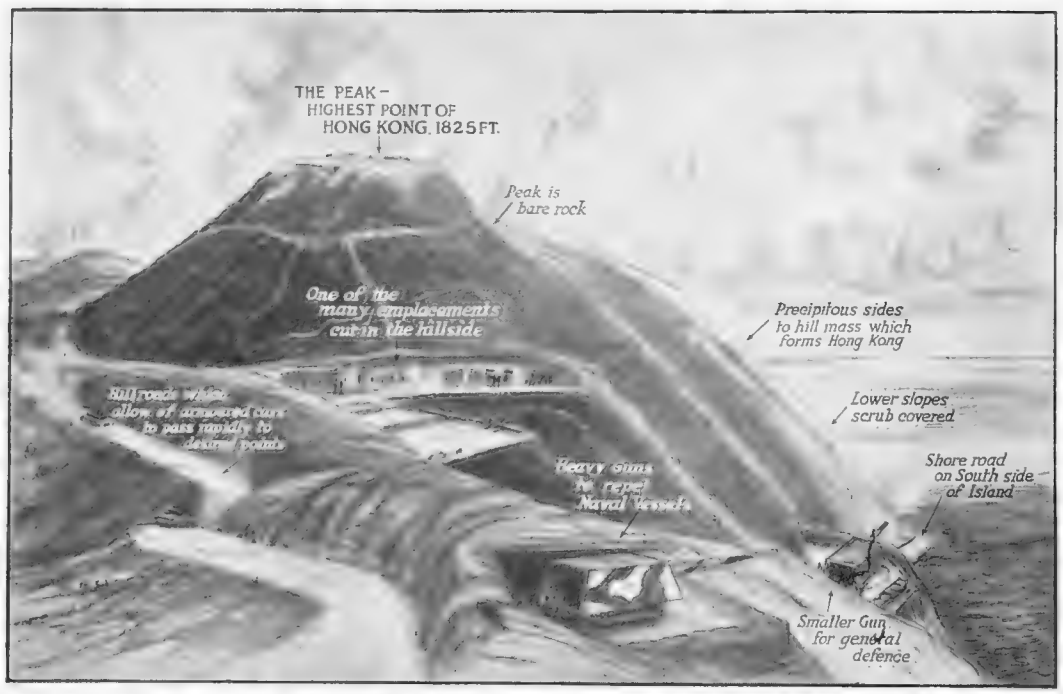
THE IMMENSITY OF LOS ANGELES, the gigantic metropolis of Southern California, an important naval base, and the fourth largest city in the U.S.

THE CAPITAL CITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—VICTORIA, ON VANCOUVER ISLAND, which is now in the zone of war

Although a few months ago it would have appeared as if British Columbia were safely out of the zone of war, to-day it may well be one of the centres of conflict, situated as it is on the Pacific coast. This picture shows the Inner Harbour at Victoria: this is the first and last Canadian port of call for vessels entering or leaving the Pacific North-West and is also Canada's western ocean gateway to California, Australia, China and other places in the Pacific. Included in the view above is a portion of the "down-town" business section, and the famous Empress Hotel operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway

THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC *(continued)*—Hong Kong and Kowloon Both Attacked

THE WHOLE OF THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG, with the Kowloon Territory on the mainland (ceded in 1860 and now in Japanese occupation). This view is taken from the Chinese frontier, looking from the north-east towards the British possessions—*Drawing by Gordon Home*



DOMINATING THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG IS THE PEAK which towers above the town and the harbour: It is now strongly fortified and defended—*Drawing by Gordon Home*

Victoria Peak rises to a height of 1,825 ft.: it is a mass of bare rock dominating the harbour and strait below and is used as a residential quarter by the British Colony. During recent years the defences of the island have been greatly increased, all types of guns having been added at strategic points (see also page 403). New roads have been cut down the hillside to allow the passage of armoured cars

Hong Kong is an island: Kowloon is on the Chinese mainland. Although both territories are loosely referred to as "Hong Kong," there is a stretch of water severing the two. The island is eleven miles long and from two miles to five miles wide: it lies at the entrance to the Canton River off the coast of Kwangtung Province. It became a British possession one hundred years ago—in 1841: later, in 1860, the strip of territory on the mainland—Kowloon—was also ceded. The concession covers an area of 390 square miles, and of this the island of Hong Kong occupies 29 square miles

THE PEAK TOWERS ABOVE THE CITY AND HARBOUR: The Native Quarter is always thronged, now more than ever, owing to the influx of refugees from the Chinese war zone. To the 1940 population of 1,070,000, it is estimated that there are another 750,000 refugees

"WILL Hong Kong be defended?" Six years ago, the answer of nearly every knowledgeable person, considering the question in the light of the Japanese conquest of Manchukuo, would have been "No." The outpost of British commerce and strategy, of vital importance as it was, was not thought to be prepared for defence should the newly revived "yellow peril" strike southwards. Hong Kong, its magnificent harbourage, its commercial and strategic importance notwithstanding, was to be ready for immediate evacuation—by the civilians, at least.

Yet, because of five years' intensive replanning and fortification, Hong Kong has resumed again its position of a fortress, stronger now than for many years. Those who knew Hong Kong in years of peace will find it difficult, however much they may read of the new preparations, to envisage the beautiful island as a scene of war.

Before the war, in Hong Kong, the *Karlsruhe* was the first German warship to do the "Grand Tour" since the Four Years War. The closely cropped, serious officers seemed rather sinister after the friendly visits of American and French warships; when they boarded the British naval ships to be entertained they fingered everything inquisitively, and with difficulty would stop asking for statistics they could have found in *Jane's Fighting Ships*. At their return party the atmosphere was cold, almost furtive. Everything—every gun, every bit of machinery, even the tables were shrouded in bulky concealing canvas covers.

A few weeks later, a fully-rigged sailing-ship sailed proudly through the long channel that leads past Bias Bay of pirate fame into the double-entrance harbour. It was a Polish training ship, its sails pink and proud in the early-morning breeze. Their hospitality was a very different story.

HEAVY WEATHER FOR THE CONVOY ESCORTS

THE LOOK-OUT ON THE GUN DECK: Heavy seas are running, but all hands are at their stations and the ship is in fighting trim

A HEAVY SEA HAS BROKEN OVER THE GUN DECK: The gunners have to retrieve their mats and replace them in their proper position

THE GUN DECK AWASH: But the gun crew must remain for hours at their posts. Note the rafts lashed ready for use at any convenient spot

THE GUNS ARE ALWAYS MANNED: Here is a gun crew in their winter oilskins

The lot of an escort vessel and its crew in winter-time is not an enviable one. The work of the warships in escorting the Convoys must be carried on whatever the weather conditions. Around Britain at this moment these are far from pleasant—wind, rain, snow, sleet are all encountered. But, come rough seas or smooth, come fog or shine, the crews of these gallant little vessels have but one object in view—to execute their duty of protecting the valuable merchantmen until they reach port and safety

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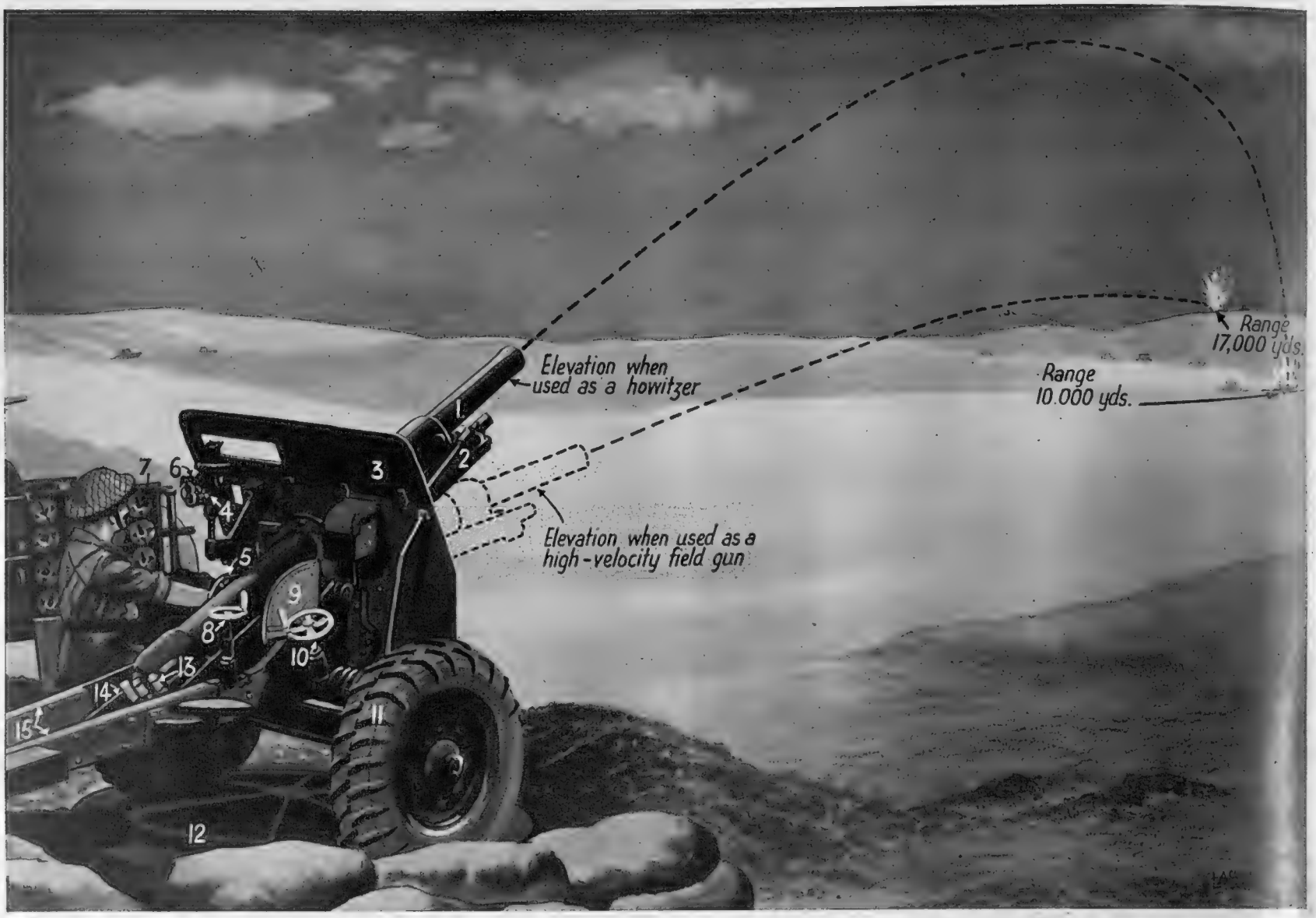


ONE OF THE ARTILLERY SURPRISES OF THIS WAR IS THE NEW BRITISH 25-POUNDER GUN-HOWITZER, nicknamed the "Gunhow"—How it works, in both its capacities, and a description of its features in diagram form—*Drawings by L. Ashwell Wood*

This fine gun can either be used as a high-velocity field weapon with a long range, or elevated to howitzer position, when a smaller charge would be used. The traverse wheel on the ground enables the gun to be swung round quickly for anti-tank work, in which it is very effective. Here is a key to the parts numbered in the above drawing: 1—Barrel; 2—Recoil and recuperating cylinder; 3—Gun shield; 4—Line and dial sight; 5—Elevating wheel; 6—Open sight for anti-tank work; 7—Ammunition limber, carrying 32 rounds and charges; 8—Quick-loading release gear; 9—Elevation scale and range-indicator; 10—Traverse wheel; 11—Bullet-proof pneumatic tyres; 12—Traverse wheel on ground; 13—Breech mechanism; 14—Cradle; 15—Trail

GUNS for LIBYA and the EAST

—Described and Illustrated by L. ASHWELL WOOD

THE British Army is now equipped with the finest guns in the world and their number is increasing day by day, but we have a long way to go to become on a par with our enemies in quantity.

Military critics were surprised when these guns emerged from the secret list. Their beautiful finish, large over-sized tyres and delicately designed barrels presented an appearance of awe-inspiring efficiency. Details of some of these guns are still a secret, but if they could be revealed would surprise many people!

The recent artillery duels in the desert have brought to light the wonderful hitting power of some of these guns. Among the artillery surprises of this war is the new British 25-pounder gun-howitzer, nicknamed the "Gunhow." This beautiful piece has largely replaced the older 18-pounder and 4·5-in. howitzer.

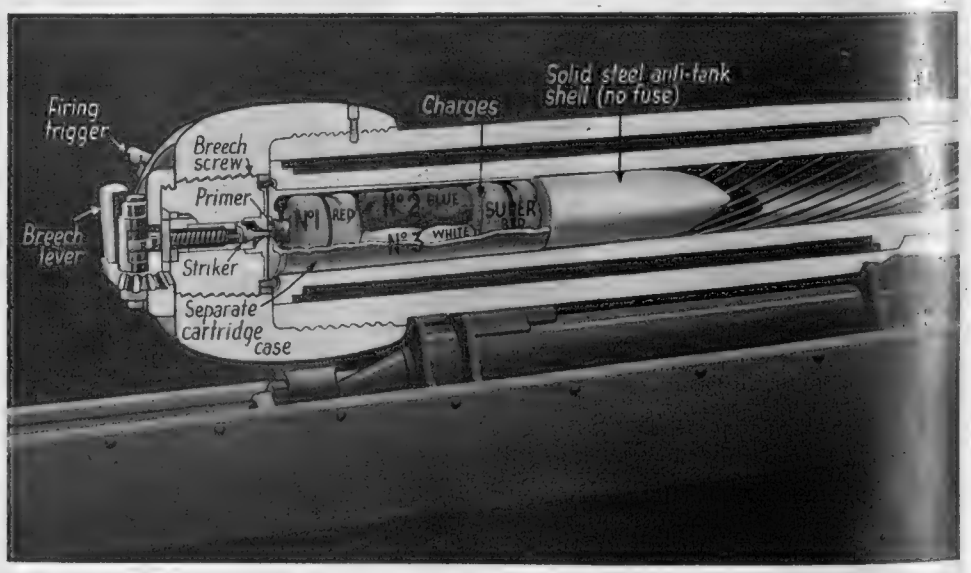
They are comely weapons, mounted on bullet-proof, pneumatic-tyred carriages and drawn by fast armoured trucks; the latter are also equipped to extract the guns from difficult ground. The whole idea is to secure mobility, a very essential thing these days.

There is a crew of five to man this gun, in charge of a sergeant who is No. 1. The gun is fired by No. 2, and No. 3 is the loader and range-taker. Nos. 4 and 5 are ammunition-carriers. The difference between a howitzer and a gun is that, while the howitzer tosses its projectile high up in the air at a relatively low velocity, the gun fires at a much flatter trajectory but with greater velocity. Every schoolboy knows that much less energy is expended in "lobbing" a ball on to a mark a moderate distance away than in throwing a ball directly at it; and in the same way, less energy is expended in firing a howitzer shell than a high velocity of the same calibre.

The high howitzer trajectory has the further advantage that the shell, plunging down from a height, is more effective against men sheltering behind earthworks, etc., than the fire of a high-velocity gun which "skims" over the top. In the last war the tendency was to increase the proportion of howitzers, and guns were never used for any work that a howitzer could do.

The ordinary field-gun, however, remained essentially a high-velocity weapon, unable to take advantage of closer proximity to the enemy by using a high trajectory, since it was not constructed for high-angle fire. Now, the "Gunhow" can do this; and this is the essence of its design, a dual-purpose weapon with the added advantage of greater range and hitting power.

It can be used as a high-velocity field-gun or as a howitzer, or even as a sort of super trench-mortar. With the "Gunhow" variable charges are used, and the cartridge case is separate from the shell—a new practice, which enables the charges to be varied according to the work in hand. The gun is fired with a full charge, at a low angle, as a high-velocity weapon; or with a reduced charge, at a high angle, as a howitzer with a shorter range.



THE BREECH MECHANISM OF THE 25-POUNDER "GUNHOW": A solid steel anti-tank shell (or, shall we say, projectile) is used in the 25-pounder. This is fired over open sights, and has special charges to enable it to pierce right through a tank at 50 yards range. For howitzer work the charges are reduced. A separate cartridge case is used

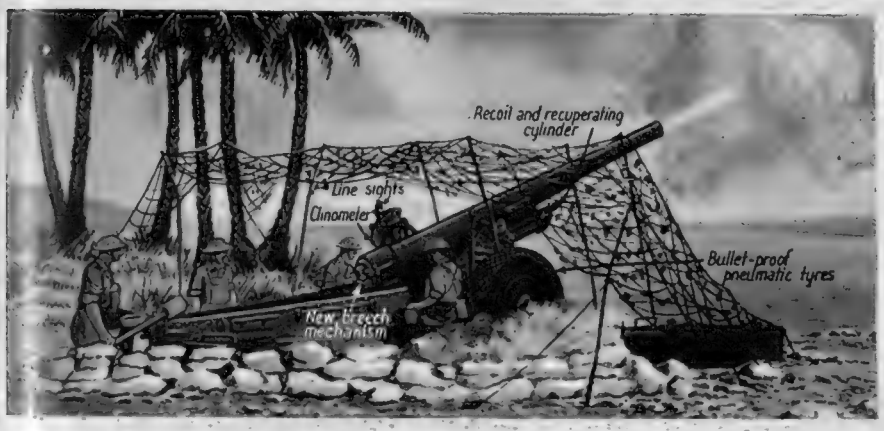
BRITISH ARTILLERY IN ACTION IN THE DESERT: Firing into the enemy's positions amidst the scrub-covered wastes outside Tobruk

Of course, there are other howitzers in the British Army, the 6-in. weapon being a very beautiful piece. The mighty 9·2 howitzer is a type which has to be seen to be believed. It can throw a huge shell eight miles. Four men are necessary to carry one of these shells and six men to man the gun.

Returning to the 25-pounder "Gunhow," however, two points of interest are apparent: (1) the invisible advantage that the barrel wears less than the ordinary guns. How this is achieved is a closely guarded secret; (2) the "Gunhow's" direction mobility—the wheels run round the rim of a horizontal ground wheel or traverse ring, and thus in a few seconds it can be slewed round from one side to the other. The gun is so beautifully balanced that this can be done easily by two men on the trail handle.

The 25-pounder has proved a deadly weapon against enemy tanks; and for this purpose a special solid steel, armour-piercing shell is used, which is fired by a super-charge at terrific velocity and at short range. This shell has been known to go clean through an enemy tank and hit another tank behind it. One would not be anxious to be in a tank when these shells are flying about!

THE "GUNHOW" IN A FAR-EASTERN SETTING: British artillery in action against Japanese landing forces. It is reported that artillery went into action in Northern Malaya against the Japanese attempting to land at Khota Bharu aerodrome. The warships, in their initial attempts, were driven off by British bombers and by artillery fire. This drawing shows a battery of Britain's latest guns in action: the 25-pounder "Gunhow" is a remarkable weapon and has a much greater range and hitting power than the old 18-pounder. The wheels run round the rim of the horizontal ground-wheel, and in a few seconds the gun can be slewed right round the compass



ANOTHER FAMOUS BRITISH GUN AT WORK IN LIBYA: The new 60-pounder field gun in the Western Desert, where it has been used to great effect

On left—This powerful weapon is used for counter-battery work: it is now a powerful piece of ordnance, with the smoothness of a hand-made rifle. The huge new bullet-proof tyres make a sharp contrast to the old artillery wheel. The camouflage netting above is a necessary accessory in desert warfare; it effectively screens the gun and crew from aerial observation

ON THE MODEL OF 1812: The failure of the German artillery in their winter campaign in Russia

The Germans have been experiencing severe wintry conditions on the Eastern front, although—according to the Russians themselves—the *real* winter has not yet begun! The delicate recoil apparatus of guns is the first to be affected by the great cold; here the small orifices, coupled with poor quality German mineral oil, cause a breakdown of the mechanism and render the gun useless. Many such German weapons have been abandoned during their retreat in recent days. The oddly shaped shield in this howitzer seems to be an attempt at camouflage—to break up the otherwise regular surfaces

GETTING THE NEW PLANES TO THE R.A.F.

The Work of the A.T.A. (Air Transport Auxiliary) and Its Important Part in the Present R.A.F. Expansion

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THE MINISTER OF AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION, COLONEL J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, with the head of the Air Transport Auxiliary organisation, Mr. Gerald d'Erlanger (on left), and Captain Pauline Gower (in command of the women pilots)

First Officer Patterson (in aircraft) gives a hand to First Officer Sale-Barker, complete with parachute. Both are about to start on a ferry journey

THE development and expansion of Air Transport Auxiliary is one of the most brilliant improvisations of the war. Many Royal Air Force operational pilots would otherwise have been required to carry out the immensely important task of ferrying aircraft straight from the factories to the maintenance unit (where they are armed), and from the M.U. to the squadron, as well as carrying out such duties as flying damaged aircraft to the maintenance unit, and the hundred-and-one other jobs now carried out by the A.T.A. And yet it began with a single civilian, Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger, on September 2, 1939. He had no staff, nothing. By September 11 he had collected a band of forty enthusiastic pilots whose age or eyesight had rendered them unable to pass the very stiff R.A.F. medical examination. Their average flying time was between 800 and 900 hours, and I am happy to say that twenty-five of the original forty are still "going."

During the Neville Chamberlain regime and the peace-at-almost-any-price period, the A.T.A. was not allowed to expand. But when Winston Churchill became Prime Minister and decided that we had better get on with the war, the A.T.A. promptly doubled its numbers.

To-day, there are several hundred pilots who specialise in ferrying, and have entirely taken over this tiresome and exacting duty from the Royal Air Force. What is more, their accident figures show that these are very definitely lower than those of the Royal Air Force when it was still doing most of its own ferrying. The reason is simple. R.A.F. pilots need to be absolute wizards in their own type of aircraft, but not in other types. The A.T.A. pilots need to be pretty good at all types. And at the present moment they are flying and ferrying no fewer than 117 different kinds of aircraft. Some of the American ones are so new that even their names are unknown to the A.T.A. personnel.

The first of the American aircraft made according to French specifications was a very tricky job. It had a reverse throttle, and other unexpected gadgets.

A GROUP OF WOMEN PILOTS: From left to right are: First Officer L. Curtis, First Officer J. Broad, First Officer Sale-Barker, First Officer Patterson and Captain Pauline Gower

FERRY PILOTS OF AIR TRANSPORT AUXILIARY PREPARING FOR THE DAY'S WORK: It is not unlikely that each will be handling a quite different type of aircraft by the time the day's flights are over

On one occasion, when a new type of aircraft came over, and had to be ferried to its maintenance unit, a Spanish pilot instructed an Englishman how to fly this American aircraft with French markings in Scotland.

The very latest type of English aircraft are flown by the A.T.A. from the factory, before the R.A.F. (except for their test pilots) have been able to try them out. On the other side of the picture, you have A.T.A. pilots flying light training aeroplanes.

The chief difficulties with which A.T.A. pilots have to contend are: (1) the rule that they must never fly out of sight of the ground, however the weather conditions may develop; and (2) the extraordinary diversity of aircraft which they have to fly. For it is perfectly normal for a pilot to fly a Mark 5 Spitfire directly after he has flown a Whitley, with a Hudson to follow as the next job.

One pilot, with 5,000 hours' experience, told me that our latest fighters are so fast, particularly in relation to an Anson, that by the time you have got your undercarriage up and your aircraft levelled out, you are through your first map and well into your second.

Pilots of the A.T.A. are divided into six groups. Class 1 fly light types. Class 2 fly aircraft up to, and including, Hurricanes. Then there are Classes 3, 4, 4x, and 5. Dotted throughout the country there are over forty pilots who fly every known type of aircraft.

The routine is that the aspiring pilot, who has either flown in the last war, or has 100 hours or so of civilian flying to his credit, becomes a trainee. He gets £370 a year, which may seem out of proportion to

GENERAL CHIANG-KAI-SHEK'S SON, who ferries aircraft from the manufacturers to the R.A.F.

what a pilot officer in the R.A.F. receives. On the other hand, he has to live on this, paying for his food and rent out of his own pocket.

After passing navigation and flying tests, he or she starts ferrying the light type of aircraft. Then comes a technical course, followed by a conversion course. When the pilots pass this successfully, they go on to the Class 2 type of aircraft. After some experience of this, they take a conversion course to enable them to fly twin-engined aircraft like Oxfords. Later on there is another conversion course, and they will start ferrying Blenheims. (There are half-a-dozen girls who have reached this stage.) And so it goes on up to the all-type pilot.

The several hundred members of the A.T.A. are based at over a dozen different pools, the biggest of which has scores of trained pilots, together with large numbers of pilots under training, who are attached to this particular pool. The Station Adjutant, with an ex-cavalry officer, work out every day the ferrying arrangements throughout the country. It is the business of the Adjutant and his associates to route their pilots, just as colliers are routed in peacetime. In other words, every effort is made to see that there will be a return flight available with another aircraft; or, if not another return flight, at least a job which will take the pilot to another aerodrome, where further instructions await him. All-type pilots are easy to route. It is the Class 1 and Class 2 people who need routeing with care, so that they will find another aircraft with which they are able to cope at their destination.

Every pilot takes with him a small suitcase containing pyjamas and tooth-brush, for he never knows for sure where he will end up. He is also supplied with a priority telephone-pass and a blank railway voucher in case this is necessary. He also knows that he has a pound a day subsistence money away from base.

Pilots do not live on the air station to which they are attached, but, with the exception of one, there are always bedrooms available for pilots who are coming to stay the night. At one station, twenty bedrooms are permanently booked at a nearby hotel for A.T.A. pilots.

To-day, Air Transport Auxiliary has the most complete network of domestic air lines in the world, though it is seldom that they now fly out of the country, and one must point out that the Atlantic Ferry Service comes under the R.A.F.—not under the Ministry of Aircraft Production to which the A.T.A. is responsible. The A.T.A. does, however, loan personnel to the Atlantic Ferry.

What strikes one particularly on a visit to a ferry pool is the extraordinary mixture of nationalities. There are French, Belgians, Poles, Austrians, Czechs and Siamese, besides English pilots.

One also notices the fact that the girl pilots share the same mess and recreation rooms as the male pilots, who treat them on terms of exact equality. And very right, too. Nevertheless, the Treasury insists on paying them 20 per cent. less, and unless they buy their silk stockings, shirts and skirts at the local outfitter, they have to surrender coupons like any other woman. Unfortunately, the local outfitter is often out of stock, and so this coupon business rather rankles.

Most of the girls fly in slacks, which they find warmer and more practical. There are actually two small A.T.A. pools where the girls very much outnumber the men. It is intended, however, to mix them much more with the men than before, spreading them throughout the whole pool system. They tell me that the R.A.F. are always charming and helpful whenever they land at Service aerodromes.

Another point about the A.T.A. is that the experienced pilots are solely in charge of literally many million pounds' worth of Government property each year. In the summer it is quite normal for a pilot to ferry three Wellingtons on the same day. In the winter, the weather conditions naturally preclude so much flying, but the trained ferry pilot can expect an average of three or four jobs every two days in his twenty-six-day month.

It often happens that pilots have to turn back. After all, it is their business to deliver the goods safely, and not to take any chances. Sometimes they have to fly damaged bombers, which have been shot up over Germany the night before, to a maintenance unit some distance away. This is always somewhat tricky. They have even had to fly captured German aircraft.

Their chief bugbear is the balloon barrage. Only ferry pilots realise what a network there is of barrage balloons all over the country, particularly round the big manufacturing centres, where the industrial haze can make it distinctly difficult to see the balloons, even if there is no cloud in the sky. And everybody knows that at this time of year the sky is seldom clear.

During the Battle of Britain, ferry pilots in unarmed aircraft kept on finding themselves within close range of a dogfight between German and English aircraft. On other occasions they were spotted by German aircraft, and had to "go through the gate."

Very accurate navigation is vital to the ferry pilot; otherwise he might find himself getting shot at by anti-aircraft batteries which mistake him for a Ju. 88.

Many ferry pilots, through no fault of their own, have found themselves in a spot, probably owing to bad weather. And now that the Air Ministry have been awarding A.F.C.'s to instructors, it would not be surprising if they gave the same awards to some of the ferry pilots.

Taking everything into consideration—the anxiety of flying low, the startling change from flying a training aircraft to flying the latest fighter, the industrial haze, the uncertain weather and the balloon barrages—the A.T.A. can certainly be congratulated on its remarkably low average of accidents of any kind whatsoever. Major accidents are exceedingly rare; and considering that the A.T.A. is drawing its pilots from men who have absolutely no previous experience of flying the latest and fastest type of fighter, it is quite phenomenal, reflecting great credit on the system of sending pilots out on easy types and easy journeys for at least three months.

Commander d'Erlanger and his staff are certainly to be congratulated. They are doing a wonderful job of work.

A PILOT HAS A BLOOD TEST: The Ministry of Health tester has to make her tests whenever she can during the pilots' short spells on the aerodrome

TWO PILOTS FROM THE UNITED STATES: J. E. O'Halloran, of Texas (on left) and A. E. Smyser, of Pennsylvania

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF AIRCRAFT DISTRIBUTION: Mr. Eric Vansittart Bowater, who joined the Ministry of Aircraft Production in August 1940 at Lord Beaverbrook's request. He served in the Royal Artillery during the years 1913 to 1917; later he became chairman of Bowater's Paper Mills, Edward Lloyd, Limited, Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills, Limited, and other associated companies

MR. JACK KEELING, of the M.A.P., is one of the many prominent business men who have offered their services for the war effort. He joined the Ministry last year, and in recent months has been, in particular, responsible for the Air Transport Auxiliary and Aircraft Salvage. In his business life he is chairman of the London and Yorkshire Trust, which has sponsored many industrial undertakings. He is also on the board of a number of public companies. He is forty-six years of age; on leaving Eton in 1914 he joined the Army and served through the last war, including the Gallipoli and Salonika campaigns. Mr. Keeling commands a company of the Home Guard at Sedlescombe, in Sussex, where he has a country residence

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

A Victorian Sunday; Prophecies of 1930; Ideas; A Letter of Condolence and a Note on A. E. Housman

A VICTORIAN SUNDAY.—One of the grounds for my claim to be a true Victorian is that I remember the days when Society spent the week-end in London during the season as a matter of course, and carried out a rigid programme of social engagements, which began with a fashionable service in a fashionable church, and ended at a quarter-past seven among those little green chairs which dotted the lawns between Achilles Statue and Stanhope Gate.

The last year before the final triumph of the motor-car made the week-end habit in summer not only fashionable, but necessary to health, I began life as a wage-earner in London. When Sunday came round, I donned my tail-coat and top-hat with considerable zest, and, to the best of my recollection, with no bitter regrets for a golden summer's day wasted, and I repaired with my family to Holy Trinity, Sloane Street.

After the service, we joined the stream of well-dressed Londoners that made for Hyde Park, and here under the trees beside the Row, we doffed our hats to acquaintances, and pointed out celebrities to one another. This gave us all an appetite for Sunday beef and Yorkshire pudding—which had no terrors for us, even in the dog days.

At half-past three, the ladies were at home to visitors, while their own menfolk began a round of calls on their own account. Prudence and politeness directed my steps to the houses of dance-and-dinner givers, and I would pass three or four sessions of twenty minutes in as many Mayfair drawing-rooms, with my top-hat and gloves beneath my chair, discussing last week's dances and parties, or the opera and the plays.

After tea, I made my way to the little green chairs and continued the business of social tittle-tattle at that licensed but select garden-party, until the shadows of the scented limes lengthened, and it was time to go home, down Ennismore Gardens and through the Brompton Cemetery, to dress for dinner.

Two years later, I had come to regard a Sunday in London as purgatory.

How fine a creature is man, how prudent an apprentice! He will cut his coat exactly to his cloth.

A Letter of Condolence.—I have always felt a sneaking sympathy for that unfortunate acquaintance of Tennyson who is pilloried in *In Memoriam*.

"One writes that other friends remain,
That loss is common to the race. . . ."

I am sure the poor fellow meant kindly, was truly grieved at Hallam's death and Tennyson's despair, yet it must be admitted that his grains of comfort were barren seed. But his punishment—to stand eternally in the stocks before a grinning posterity branded as a Bromide—is too severe. I have at this moment such a letter of condolence to write, and I shall get it done only from a stern sense of duty. Perhaps my poor efforts also will be held up to eternal ridicule.

THE CANTERBURY CHORISTERS PRACTISE CAROL-SINGING FOR CHRISTMAS

The Choristers of the world-famed Canterbury Cathedral are still carrying on in spite of the war, and in spite of the fact that the Boarding Section of the Choir were evacuated to Cornwall in 1940. Under the Precentor, the Rev. J. W. Poole, they are busy practising the carols for the Christmas services. The Choir is composed of twenty-three day boys, whose ages range from seven to thirteen years. In this picture Mr. Poole is seen conducting a carol practice in the Cathedral Cloisters: this architectural gem against which the choristers are posed was formerly the wash-place of the monks of the monastery at Canterbury

True Prophetesses.—In the early 1930's I used to regard with passionate sympathy the daughters of my contemporaries when sometimes I met them in Bond Street hurrying out to a hasty luncheon from the dressmakers' establishments where they were employed; or flashing by in a Baby Austin *en route*, perhaps, for Heston to fly to some race-meeting. I was conscious first of a crimson bow advancing some way ahead of a dead-white oval background, which gradually grew into a vaguely familiar face. We greeted each other and passed on our ways, and I realised how little my sympathy would have been invited or understood. But it refused to die. They looked so pathetically lonely, with a loneliness which the presence of a boy-friend seemed to enhance; so vulnerable, for all their familiarity with the facts of life and the weaknesses of human nature; so tired from the everlasting chase after distraction and sensation, so defiantly determined to paint their lives, like their lips, in glowing colours.

It was not thus that I regarded their aunts when I met them in Berkeley Square. They sat beside their mothers in the victoria, while Henry, the young footman, stood on the pavement, touching his cockaded hat, and waiting to receive three pasteboards, carefully dog's-eared, and to hand them solemnly to a majestic butler advancing between a phalanx of plush footmen.

On those sheltered girls I wasted no sympathy, having none to spare from the contemplation of my own lonely and unhopeful plight—a young man with no prospects, a worshipper from afar of goddesses, pink and white, placid and correct in every detail, protected in tissue-paper against every mischance, including myself. Yet I know that behind those fringed, unpuckered brows, they dreamed of this freedom of the 1930's and fretted for adventure.

The wildest dreams of such girls came true: they had freedom and equality in plenty.

And (in the early 1930's) I pitied them because their dreams had come true. Now (in the early 1940's) I see the absurdity of my sympathy. What a tragedy would their lives be to-day if they had remained in bandboxes until 1940! In the tragic 1930's they were fitting themselves to endure the supreme tragedy of the 1940's. They were better prophets than I.

Ideas.—There are many things I would have my young daughters taught. I would like them to be proficient lawn-tennis players, good riders, experienced car-drivers, good cooks, domestic managers, gardeners, needlewomen and naturalists. But, above all (and even to-day), I would like them trained to play their small part inconspicuously, and without self-consciousness when the conversation takes a momentary turn for the better, when ideas are put forward and a call is made on the intelligence and imagination of those present. It happens all too seldom, and it is distressing to observe how few young people shine on such rare occasions. If they politely conceal their boredom, they cannot conceal their lack of mental training, or the habitual objectiveness and materialism of their outlook. To achieve the desired effect there is but one way—to begin at home when they are young; to break down the barrier which separates youth from age, and to encourage disputation on all subjects on equal terms; to elevate family converse into something better than a commentary on the day's doings and the idiosyncrasies of the neighbours—in short, to wear party clothes for the family dinner. That is the true basis of a dignified society, and if the treatment sometimes turns out young prigs, priggishness is easily cured, while gaping stupidity is irremediable. I am a thousand miles from pining for the intellectual week-end parties which once were the rage at ——— or ———. God forbid—the very thought makes me shudder!

The Shropshire Lad.—I was reading the other day Grant Richards's remarkable book on A. E. Housman. It struck me as, in a rare way, a mirror of truth. It does not reflect a full-length portrait. It deals only with the relations of publisher and author in the business of book production, and of the intercourse of two friends and boon companions during a part of A.E.H.'s life. But those parts of Housman's life and character covered by Grant Richards are most carefully documented.

I am "nuts" on indexes in all books intended for students of their subjects. This index goes further than my most exuberant ideal.

These reflections emerged: Alfred Housman was not a very attractive nature to the general. He must have been a man difficult to know and therefore disappointing to all but his intimates. He clearly liked to throw cold douches on all that was second-rate and insincere. He detested commercialism and boost and flattery. He was bored by any social intercourse which was not free from those five frailties. Among strangers, he was donnish, silent, shy and sometimes uncouth, if not rude. With his intimates he could be wise, witty, genial and forthcoming.

He was a connoisseur, of course, not only of the good things of art and literature, but of the good things of material life. He revelled in good wine and good food, and knew where to find them. A facile parallel between the authors of *A Shropshire Lad* and of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* springs to the mind. The parallel will not bear close examination. There was nothing of the tame cat about Housman, and only the more tiger-like qualities of the don.

He was a scholar, and, I should judge, a man balanced and strong in mind and character. For that reason I reject the theory that a youthful failure in "Greats" could have coloured his life, shaped his character and influenced his writings. Finally, this reflection:

How strong still is the influence of literature! I can admire a little masterpiece by John of Bologna, or listen to the "Fifth Symphony," without wishing particularly to know much about the private life and character of the sculptor or the musician. But with the great poet or with the author of a literary classic, I must instantly learn all there is to learn of his private life and individuality. Is Literature, then, more personal than other arts? It certainly induces in us more curiosity as to the character and private life of the creator than is the case with its sister arts. Yet, when I have found Housman, I have not identified the Shropshire Lad.

J. G.

A "BEST-SELLER" BY THE GOVERNMENT: The Government's latest publication is the newly-published *Schedule of Reserved Occupations*. Queues, four deep and 100 yards in length, have been forming in front of the Stationery Office in Kingsway, composed of hundreds of people who had to wait for hours to obtain their copy of this important publication

THE RUSSIANS STRIKE BACK

RUSSIAN GUERILLAS CONVERT MARIUPOL INTO A BLAZING HELL : Even after the Germans had entered the city, the Russians were still active there. Taking advantage of the restricted mobility of the enemy tanks in the city's streets, they launched Molotov cocktails and hand grenades until the city buildings were a blazing mass

A TRAFFIC JAM, CAUSED BY GERMAN TANKS, IN MARIUPOL : This is the city on which the Russians are now advancing from Rostov and Taganrog. Russian guerilla fighters have been active in and around Mariupol for some time, and this is one of the results of their activity : as soon as these intrepid fighters were sighted, the Germans rushed their tanks to the town, but in the congested streets of the city their mobility was restricted, and traffic jams became frequent

" MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH ' BLUE DIVISIONS ' ON THE MOSCOW FRONT : Their leaders are back in Spain " : This picture has just been received in London : it shows members of one of the volunteer Spanish " Blue Divisions " grouped round a fire on the Moscow front. Simultaneously with the arrival of this picture it was stated from Moscow that " the quaintly-named ' Blue Divisions ' from Spain are feeling the cold tremendously in Russia and are now literally blue with cold ! " It was further stated that their leaders have already made a get-away

STREET FIGHTING IN MARIUPOL : German infantrymen, protected by a tank, trying to prevent Russian guerilla fighters from reaching their objective—the railway station. To-day, it is reported that the greatest confusion prevails amongst the Germans in Mariupol

THE BEGINNING OF THE TREMENDOUS RUSSIAN COUNTER-ATTACK AGAINST THE GERMANS : The inhabitants of Rostov-on-the-Don rush out to welcome the Russian Army as their town is relieved from the Nazi grip

The dramatic change of events along the whole length of the Eastern Front began with the recapture of Rostov : from that city the Russians moved on to Taganrog ; and then the defenders of Moscow began to hit back hard. Now, everywhere, the Germans are in full retreat ; and Russia is witnessing one of the most surprising victories in military history.

On November 8 Hitler said " there is a total loss of at least 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 Soviet soldiers, not counting the slightly wounded. No army can recover from such losses, not even the Russians." If Hitler then spoke the truth, his own mighty forces have been beaten back into headlong retreat by a non-existent Russian Army !

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

REALITY AND REMINISCENCES

Charles Graves goes "Awfully British"; Bernard Darwin's Memories; Mrs. Belloc Lowndes Looks Back on Childhood; Frank S. Smythe, the Happy Mountaineer

ONE of the first bits of literary gossip I heard when I got back to London was that LIFE LINE, by Charles Graves (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), had sold out its first edition in a few days after publication. I had read it in New York. A troubled New York publisher had lent me his advance copy.

There is no stauncher friend of this country than this intelligent man (publishers are apt to be intelligent). His country was not yet at war, although it was arguing and expostulating its way towards it. "I couldn't sell this book," he said. "You see, we're not a naval-minded people. Despite what the Interventionists say, most of our people don't *believe* we can ever seriously be attacked. In so far as they do, their interest lies in air attack. I can sell anything about the R.A.F. Air raids and air battles might possibly get us where we live. For our people, the Navy is an offensive striking force, operating in distant seas. We are a continental nation for all that we are inclined to sing 'Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.'"

He was troubled because he happened to be among the minority who didn't believe these things. He was to see his countrymen rudely shaken out of that attitude on December 7, a date, as the President said, that will live in infamy.

"Besides," he added, "it's so awfully British."

To me, that seemed to hit the nail where it belonged. I can't think of a book more "awfully British" than *Life Line*. There isn't a sentence in it which isn't of vital interest to every man, woman and child in this island. Upon the men with whom Charles Graves lived while he was writing it depends not only our safety from attack by the most formidable military machine ever known, but our very existence.

With the approval of the Admiralty, Charles Graves set out to do a book about the Royal Navy. He might easily have chosen the great spectacular actions: the *Graf Spee*, the *Bismarck*; Matapan, Taranto. Instead he went out to see for himself something of the everyday work of the Navy. He brought back a story of little ships; of destroyers, corvettes, minesweepers, E-boats and submarines: a story of endurance, unparalleled adventure and heroism.

The chapter headings almost tell it themselves. "It's Still the English Channel," "North Sea Convoy," "E-Boat Alley," "Fishing for Death," "Water-Proof Sailors" (they are submarine men), "Destroyers," "Auxiliaries," etc.

For such a book the author has the right approach. Like the first-rate journalist he is, he has gone for what the jargon calls the human angle. He is interested in men as well as in what they do. And not only in those who command. He realises that chapters on naval humour, naval superstitions, slang and pets have a place in his book alongside some of the most hair-raising exploits performed in E-Boat Alley. Fittingly he includes that moving "Prayer to be Used at Sea," as well as some thrilling action-pictures.

Everyone who has an intimate connection with the sea will want this book; for the fishermen, merchant seamen, and all who have ever dusted about in little boats will find themselves in it. And that goes for an awful lot of people in this island.

It's "awfully British," you see.

Although with Mr. Bernard Darwin's latest volume of reminiscences, PACK CLOUDS AWAY (Collins. 12s. 6d.), we pass into the realm of memory, the same tag may apply. For Mr. Darwin, if he will pardon the expression and accept it for the compliment it is meant to be, is a national institution.

He is that because of the incurable habit of this race for taking its sports seriously. No one has thought it incongruous that this affably-polished stylist should have regularly produced one of the most eagerly looked for features in Saturday's *Times*. Nor has it entirely been what I would call the Micawber-Mashie technique, for I have counted among his fans golfers who have never read a word of Dickens; Dickensians who detested golf, and at least one old lady who went to her long rest in the firm belief that a bunker was something that men in red coats carried round in a bag.

The Highbrows—God bless 'em!—take a jaundiced view of writers like Mr. Bernard Darwin. Sport is vulgar: journalism, in all its manifestations, unspeakable. Well, Hazlitt knew a thing or two about sport and more than somewhat about literary criticism. If there ever was a line between journalism and literature, it is not discernible in the writings of Mr. Darwin.

Pack Clouds Away is the second volume of his reminiscences, and in it he travels through the memories of a long life by using the apparently discursive technique of the essayist. The method is deceptive, for no literary form demands more attention to the balance of atmosphere and action, more discipline, and economy of phrase and substance.

Witness this good-tempered, good-humoured and mellowed scholar explaining to his reader the times and circumstances in which he allows himself to be cross. Not bad-tempered nor irritable: just cross. Or the perfect portrait of that charming and baffling personality, A. R. C. Croome, which emerges from a dozen anecdotes. Or the mysterious exchange between learned Judge and Counsel (almost like what the Americans call double-talk) only to be explained by the fact that they were both Wrong-Boxers. Or even his self-satisfied chuckle at doing the *Observer's* Dickens cross-word puzzle in ten minutes.

It is not all golf, nor yet unduly leavened with Dickens. There is cricket, children, dogs, books: America, St. Moritz, and a whole range of interesting people. That, as a stalwart champion of the right University, he should have succumbed to the siren songs of an Oxford High Table is the only deplorable confession in the book.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (the long list of whose works should have found a place in this volume) has also explored the pool of memory to produce "A record of love and childhood" which she calls I, TOO, HAVE LIVED IN ARCADIA (Macmillan. 15s.).

The words of the title were spoken by her mother when, during the last summer of her life, "I was sitting with her on the little lawn of her cottage in Sussex. She put her hand on mine. 'I mean the five years with your father, and the further nine summers I spent with his mother, at La Celle St. Cloud.'"

The book has all the enchantment of childhood memories, recalled by a practised writer who at the same time achieves some remarkable portraits of her parents and her forbears. It begins with the visit, in 1867, of Elizabeth Rayner Parkes to Paris. She was then thirty-seven and, with her friend, Barbara Bodichon, was to begin "what was to be a long fight on behalf of what was to become known by the name of Women's Rights."

These two were looking for a furnished country cottage, and, finding "a small chalet at La Celle St. Cloud, a healthy village four leagues from Paris," she came into contact with Madame Belloc, the widow of the painter, Hilaire Belloc. It was in this house that the author and her famous brother spent much of their early childhood.

Of herself she says: "Of what is taught, as a matter of course, to every child in France and England, I have remained more or less ignorant to this day. I never could master the simplest arithmetic, and it seemed impossible to make me understand the clear rules of English grammar."

Of her brother, Hilaire Belloc, she writes: "When he was four years old he wrote very much the same small peculiar hand he does to-day. He learnt everything he was taught quickly and accurately, and when impressed by some dramatic and unexpected event, he would compose a set of verses astonishing as to both thought and diction in a child of his age."

It is a charming and intimate family record, nostalgic with memories of a happier decade and of people who inherited and adorned all the best in the culture of two nations.

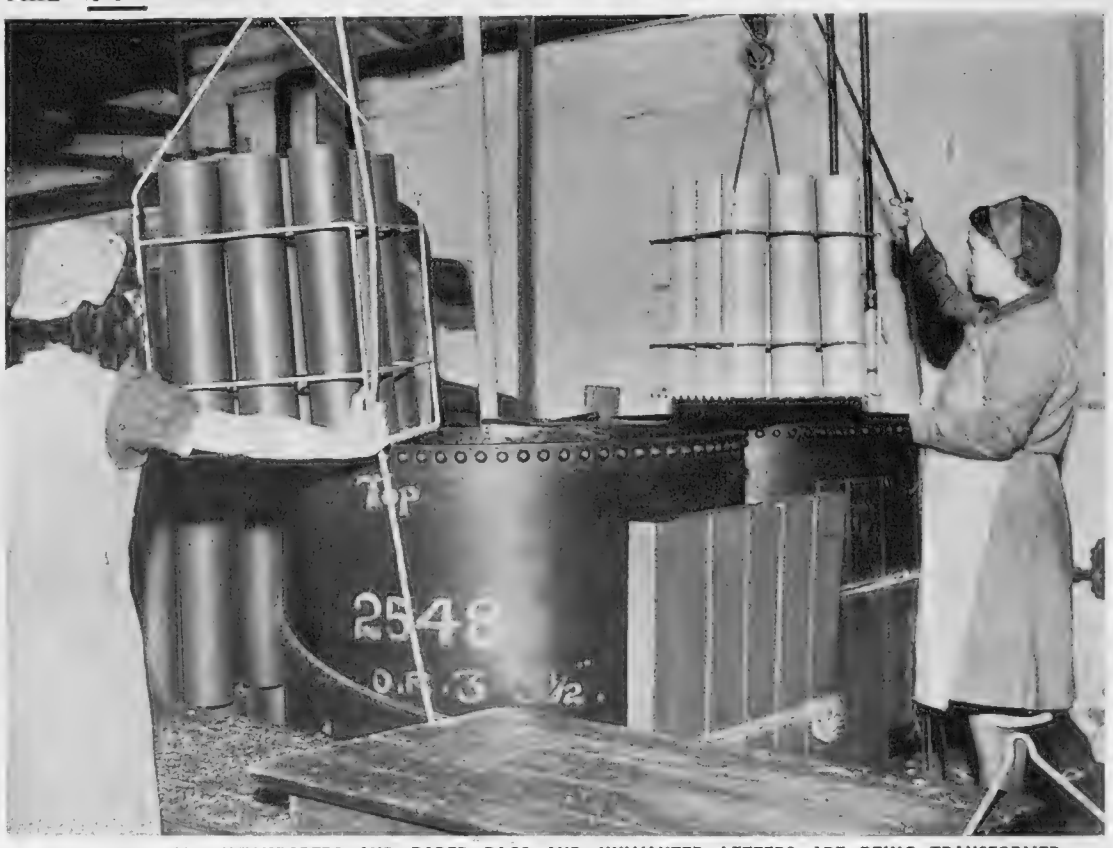
Mountaineering is another sport (I suppose it can be called a sport even though, at times, it takes on the more purposeful mantle of scientific research) which has always seemed to inspire good literature.

Mr. Frank S. Smythe needs no introduction, both as a mountaineer and as a writer. In THE MOUNTAIN VISION (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.) he travels the whole range of his considerable experiences and relates them to his own personal views and feelings.

"I count myself fortunate," he says, "to have trodden the heights of the Alps and the Himalayas, to have sat with friends by camp fires, to have gasped in the thin air near the top of Everest, to have tramped the heather of the British hills. And more than this, I am happy in the memories of these things. Such visions, such memories are imperishable. There is about them much more than temporary experience. To climb a mountain is to tread not only the heights of Earth, it is to adventure to the very boundaries of Heaven."

Which explains, better than I could, why I, who have never set foot upon anything more exhilaratingly dangerous than a funicular station platform, could get so much enjoyment out of Mr. Smythe's memories and musings. The book is plentifully and beautifully illustrated.

ARE YOU ASSISTING IN THIS GREAT NATIONAL EFFORT!



HOW YOUR OLD NEWSPAPERS AND PAPER BAGS AND UNWANTED LETTERS ARE BEING TRANSFORMED

Thousands of shell containers are being turned out every day, mostly by female labour. The paper, made out of salvaged materials, comes to the factory in huge rolls and is cut into sheets by machinery. The sheets are then subjected to various processes.

Nothing is wasted: even the scrap made during the making of the containers is used over again. The woman on the right is dropping the finished ammunition containers into boiling wax, and on the left they are being taken from the tank after drying

ALWAYS REMEMBER!—WASTE PAPER AND BOARD IS A MUNITION OF WAR!

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society practically every day comes into contact with some sad phase in the life of a child. Little Johnnie, aged 6½, had been brought up by his Granny, the father having deserted and the mother taking no interest in the child. Now the Granny was dying, and passed away even while the case was being considered. There was no one to look after Johnnie, and so room was made for him at once in the Society's Home for Small Boys. Having been so much with the Granny, Johnnie talks very old for his years, but he will soon lose that in the happy companionship of other boys of his own age, and his winsome face and affectionate nature will soon win him many friends. Who will send a gift to help maintain Johnnie? Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

My Aunt and the
"BLACKETEER"

One crisp December morning, as my Aunt was gathering brussels sprouts on the croquet lawn, a neat little car swept through the gateway.

The driver debussed and came forward, picking his way over the croquet hoops. A nondescript young man, whose hair and overcoat were both longer than normal.

"Morning," he said, somewhat casually. "Heard you were looking for some Thermos stuff."

My Aunt's attention returned abruptly to the sprouts. "I always place my orders with Willett," she remarked, "and he assures me he can get no further supplies this year. Oh!—how silly of me not to realise! I *had* heard Mr. Willett was looking for a new delivery boy . . ."

The young man laughed, and lit a cigarette. "No offence, lady," he replied. "I'm a stranger, yes—but what's the odds? Willett can't get the stuff. I can. And you want it." He produced from one deep pocket a gaily painted flask. "So—here we are."

My Aunt recoiled as from a snake. "But this," she exclaimed, pointing at the garish label, "this isn't Thermos. It's just a—a flask!"

"So what?" the stranger enquired. "It's a flask, ain't it, whether it's got a fancy name or not?"

At this heresy, my Aunt raised goggling eyes to heaven. Then, controlling herself with an effort, she turned away.

"Good day," she gasped.

The young man advanced, and thrust the offending object in front of her again.

"But listen, lady! You can't afford to be so choosy these days. You gotter take what's going. And don't think you're doing me a favour if you buy it. I can sell all I've got in five minutes. And at my price."

"What is your price?" said my Aunt.

"A quid," said the young man. "Might shade it a bit for half-a-dozen. Say eighteen and six—and no questions."

My Aunt turned, firmly grasping a small handfork as she stepped forward. "No questions?" she echoed. "On the contrary, my friend, a number of highly embarrassing questions!" She bore down on him step by step, prodding, Clytemnestra-like, with menacing fork at his midriff.

"Now, look here, lady!" he exclaimed, backing hastily, "there's no call for violence. If you aren't interested, O.K. I've got other customers. I've got—" and here, catching his foot in a stray hoop, he fell heavily to earth. The flask flew from his hand and landed among the sprouts.

My Aunt regarded him as he lay, then picked up the sample. It tinkled unmusically with broken fragments.

"A quid," she remarked. "One solid sovereign, and it can't stand even one gentle toss. I wish your other 'customers' could see you now!"

"Now, look here, lady!" he protested from the turf. "Come off that! How'm I going to earn a living?"

"Ever heard of the Army," my Aunt enquired, "or were you down in a deep shelter on Registration day? And where, by the way, do you get the petrol to go junketing round about? And how does this trash come into the country, anyway? And how many rogues are taking a profit on it to beat the Prices of Goods Act?"

"Now, listen, lady! I'm not the boss—"

"I never suspected it," snapped my Aunt. "You're just one of the creepy-crawly little Blacketeers who come in under any racket to cheat the long-suffering public. Trying to sell this junk at any old price because you know the real stuff is in short supply."

"Well, that ain't nothing to do with me—"

"Of course not. You wouldn't know about bomber crews, who need Thermos jars. Or about men at sea, or men in the desert, or men at the coal-face, who need hot meals in tight corners at inconvenient hours. You only know there's a shortage at home."

"Well, so there is. And why shouldn't I try to sell people the stuff if they want it?"

"Young man," said my Aunt, methodically wiping her muddy shoes on his coat tails, "you have a lot to learn, and I devoutly trust that the process of education will be painful. You're not just rooking a lot of simpletons by selling them fake luxuries at ridiculous prices. You are battening on tired and hungry workers and wardens and watchers—robbing them of hard-earned money—fooling them with the hope that your trashy little flask will give them service. Perhaps you've seen what happens to the creatures who profiteer in food? To my way of thinking, you're just one of the same black family."

* * * * * *

When the garden was quiet again, my Aunt returned to her sprouts. Then her glance fell on me, as I stood holding the battered flask.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you might take that thing along to Willett. Ask him, with my compliments, to put it prominently on show as a Horrid Warning for his customers. And if he wants a label for it, tell him '*Nothing can have value without being an object of utility.*' Rather quoting Marx out of his context—but no matter. In fact," she went on, "you might even write it out yourself as a copy-book exercise, to help impress it on your young mind. Twenty times, please, by tea-time."

In wishing all their friends the compliments of the season, Thermos (1925) Ltd. take this opportunity to state that they are fully alive to the essential civilian demand for their products, but regret their inability to satisfy it completely.

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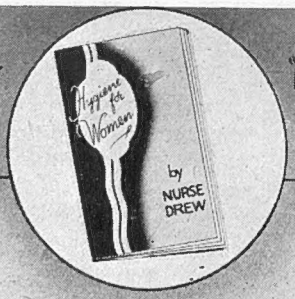

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